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## Selections.

### RRIT SMITH ON McCLELLAN'S NOMINATION AND ACCEPTANCE.

WRITE these lines for the candid. Partisans would hear me. They follow party. Those only will r me who follow truth; and who will still follow t whatever expense to party.

The North is divided—fearfully divided. One pors holds that the North and the other that the South s guilty party in this war. Which of them is is the great, nay the only, question to be an- at the coming election. If the North is the ty party, then McClellan should be preferred. If South, then Lincoln. I name them because every makes it more evident that all our votes will be concentrated on them. McClellan is the didate of those who hold the North to be the party, and therefore whatever exceptions some them take to him, all will feel constrained to vote m. So too all, who hold that the South is the party, will feel it to be their duty to vote for Many of them would prefer to vote for mont, if they could thereby vote as effectively to eat the candidate whose sympathies are with the th. But this they now see they cannot do. It is his wise that Fremont and Cochrane will themes, notwithstanding their dislike of some of his sures, vote for Lincoln. They are too magnanius to let personal considerations hinder them from g for him; and they are too patriotic to withd a vote, which the salvation of the country calls

May they hasten to inspire their friends with like magnanimity and patriotism! So too the at influence of Wendell Phillips will be brought e side of Lincoln, as soon as he shall see that man to be elected must be either Lincoln or a vant of the South. Strong as is his preference for emont, he will not let it work to the destruction of country.

We need not go back of the Convention which minated Lincoln to learn that the Union party lays the blame of the war upon the South. Nor need go back of the Convention which nominated Clellan to learn that the Democratic party lays all e blame of it on the North. The proceedings of e Chicago Convention afford conclusive evidence at the Democratic party is identified with the rebeln, is at peace with the enemies instead of the ends of the nation—at peace with the South and at ar with the North. Nevertheless it is not to be ndemned but rather to be honored for this, provided e North is the guilty party in the war. I am not those whose motto is: "Our country, right or ong." It is only when she is right that I am with r. I can be loyal to the North as far only as she loyal to justice. Nor, if I would, could I help her herein she breaks with justice. A nation, like an dividual, puts herself beyond the reach of help in oportion as she defies the claims of truth and ghteousness.

Let me here say that McClellan, no more than any her member of the Democratic party, is necessarily orthy of condemnation for opposing the cause in hich his country is embarked. Nay, if it is an unghteous cause, then it is proper in him to stand forth ainst it—to stand forth as distinctly and emphatilly as he does by accepting his nomination at the nds of the enemies of that cause.

I repeat, the question to be passed upon at the ming election is, Which is the guilty party in this r—the North or the South. It is admitted that the uth took up arms to dismember our nation: and at she robbed it of moneys, forts, guns and porns of our little standing army. It is admitted too [illegible] only in reply to these outrages that we [illegible]ves. Hence whilst the war on her part [illegible], on ours it is but defensive. Notwithing all this the North may not be the innocent rty. For she may have oppressed and provoked e South beyond endurance. I am slow to admit at any rebellion in a land where there is free access the ballot-box can be justified. Nevertheless if it n be shown that it was because she was made to ffer intolerable oppressions that she flew to arms, I ll not condemn her. Had she such oppressions to mplain of?

It is said, more in Europe, however, than in Amera, that our high tariff was a burden upon the South. ever, however, had we a Tariff so nearly approachg Free-trade, as when her States began to secede. oreover, the South could have had it as much lower s she pleased. What, however, if our Tariff were ot a proper one?—that surely would not be enough justify rebellion.

Had the South any right to call herself oppressed y the election of Lincoln? None at all. He was lected constitutionally. But he was against slavery! is true that he was: only moderately so, however. everal of the Presidents immediately preceding him ere thoroughly for slavery. And yet the North did ot claim that she was oppressed by their election. east of all did she claim that their election furnished round for rebellion.

Was the South at liberty to regard herself oppressed ecause so much was said at the North against lavery? Certainly not. The Constitution provides or free speech. Moreover the South spoke as freely gainst our systems of labor as we did against her lavery. She sneered at our "small fisted farmers" nd our "greasy mechanics." She stigmatized our oble laborers as "the mudsills of society." Then, oo, the South sent missionaries over the earth o argue against idolatries and other abominations; nd thus is she estopped by her own acts from forbidding others to [illegible] and criticise herself.

Was the South oppressed by Northern legislation gainst slavery? Never. The North was always [illegible] to leave the Supreme Court of the United tates pass [illegible] such legislation. When, however, he North sent Commissioners to the South to induce r to consent to have the constitutionality of those aws under which she was casting Northern freemen nto the pit of slavery passed upon by that Court, hose Commissioners had to fly for their lives before the murderous [illegible] made upon them.

But John Brown, and at other times other Northern men, went into Southern States to help persons escape from slavery? The North, however, was not responsible for this. She ever stood by slavery, and helped the South tighten the chains of the slaves. [illegible] right has the South to complain of the sympathy of John Brown and others with her slaves. Where these delivered one slave, her kidnappers made slaves of [illegible] freemen. But there was rejoicing at the North over the escape of Southern slaves. I admit it. So was there rejoicing at the [illegible] over the escape of Southern men from Algerine slavery. Such rejoicings cannot be stopped. And [illegible] attempts of the South to suppress them will be vain attempts to change human nature.

Was the South oppressed by the refusal of the Northern people to accede to a proposition of the Southern people to have [illegible] separation of the States and an [illegible] division of the Territories and other National property? There was no proposition from the Southern people to the Northern people. Nor was [illegible] proposition from Southern individuals unauthorized by the Southern people; and it was made not to our people, but to our government—to a government which, instead of being authorized to dismember [illegible], is sworn to preserve it, and which, instead of being authorized to throw away the Constitution, [illegible] preserve it sacred and unbroken. The [illegible] of the North was ready to meet the people of the South in a [illegible] Douglases. They were ready to [illegible], concessions in order to save from dismemberment [illegible] so dear to them. Entirely ready they were, I am sorry to believe, to indorse and consummate the [illegible] action of Congress in favor of altering the [illegible] to the advantage of slavery. In fine, they would have consented to almost any [illegible] of the [illegible] or the surrendering of the [illegible]. This they would not consent to; and, because she knew they would not, the South would not have the National Convention. The sundering of the nation was the one thing she was intent on; and nothing else, nor all things else, would she accept in lieu of it. Hence to get this one thing, which she could not hope to get otherwise, she resorted to arms. Herein, and herein only, is the explanation of the outbreak of the rebellion. Could she but have been brought to recede from her determination to set up a nation for herself and by herself, all other difficulties with the South might have been adjusted. It is in no degree necessary to my argument to explain why she then insisted, has ever since insisted, and never more strenuously than now, on this national independence. Nevertheless, as some, under whose eye this paper may fall, might like to meet with the explanation, I will give it. The whole explanation of this pertinacity on the part of the South is to be found in the fact that she is determined to maintain slavery, and that she despairs of maintaining it unless she shall erect herself into a nation independent of every other nation. The South saw slavery cast out of all Europe and all American slavery except her own to be tottering. She saw too that the North was every day becoming more enlightened in regard to slavery and therefore more hostile to it. Hence the great and absorbing question with her was—what she should do most effectually to insulate herself, and shut out those ever-swelling floods of Anti-Slavery sentiment and Anti-Slavery influence, which were constantly pouring in upon her. Her natural decision was to build up about herself the high and, as she hoped, impervious walls of a new nationality. The North she regarded as already abolitionized. To remain, therefore, in connection with her was to allow herself to be abolitionized. Hence she broke off from the North. For what else would she have consented to break off from it and to lose the incalculable advantage of being a part of this great nation?

In all this, which I have now referred to, and I know not that there is anything more of this bearing to refer to, has the South suffered intolerable oppressions? Nay, has she suffered any oppression? None whatever. In our national affairs she was generally allowed to have her own way. I admit that we wronged her; but never even in the slightest degree did we oppress her. And the only way in which she was ever wronged by us was our shameful indulgence of both her tyrannous spirit and her greed of place and power. Surely, surely, then, the North is not to be accused of provoking the rebellion. Surely, surely, then, the South is the guilty and the only guilty party in the rebellion. And surely, surely, then, the North cannot, without making herself very criminal and very base, vote for the candidate of those who hold the North and not the South to be the guilty party. But it may be said that their candidate (Gen. McClellan) does not hold in this respect as they do who nominated him. If he does not, then is he very unfortunate in being misrepresented by his friends, who put him forth as the representative of themselves, and who, it is fair to suppose, knew him thoroughly when they did so. Since the Northern men who espouse the cause of the South single out McClellan for their standard-bearer, it would be madness in us, who cleave to the cause of the North, to believe him to be with us and to vote for him. If he is indeed a North-side man, nevertheless since they, who know him, have set him forth as a South-side one, he cannot complain of us for not voting for him. He can complain but of his friends, who have misrepresented him, and whose misrepresentations justify us in withholding our votes from him. But we are cited to McClellan's letter of acceptance. That it is a letter of *acceptance* is of itself sufficient to disentitle him to the vote of every loyal man. That he is the candidate of a Convention composed of the open enemies of that cause for which his country is pouring out her treasure and her blood—composed of those whose war is upon the North only—is surely reason enough why no intelligent friend of that cause can give him his vote. But we will look further into this letter. I said that the North is divided between those who hold the North and those who hold the South to be the guilty party. On which side does McClellan's letter place him? It spares the South, but it abounds in inculpations of the North. The indirect and unmanly way in which he makes or rather insinuates his charges against the government was doubtless intended to render them more effective. It will, however, serve but to denote the lack of an open, brave and manly spirit in their author. He has nothing to say of the barbarity with which the South conducts the war—murdering fresh captives—or, if sparing them, sparing thousands to be tortured in spirit and body, thousands to be starved to death, and (worst fate of all!) thousands to be sunk in slavery. Nothing of all this does he say. But, in his characteristic, cowardly, roundabout way, he accuses the North of the high crime of perverting the war. I grant that there have been a few instances in which Anti-Slavery zealots have shown their disposition to pervert it, and innumerable instances in which Pro-Slavery zealots have shown the like. Just here let me say that miserable men are all they who, when monsters are striking parricidal blows at the country, are incapable of making a single and square issue with those monsters, and are intent on mixing up with the one question of putting down these monsters conditions in behalf of or against slavery, *habeas corpus*, or something else. "Down with the rebellion, come what will of it to any of our schemes or theories or interests," is the voice of wisdom. Moreover, if slavery or anti-slavery, this or that political party, this or that church, shall be found to stand in the way of putting it down, let them all be swept out of the way. Nothing is worth preserving that stands in the way of putting down so unmitigated and unparalleled a wickedness as the rebellion. When it shall have been put down will be time to decide (and not till then will it be time so much as to consider it) whether the safety of the nation shall call for the weakening or strengthening of slavery, for its utter annihilation or for overspreading the whole land with it. In the meantime use slavery or apprenticeship or anything else in whatever way you can use it most effectually to the crushing of the rebellion; and let all heads, all hearts and all hands find their one thought, one feeling and one work to that end.

I admitted that there were instances of a disposition to pervert the war. But by far the most signal of all the instances of the actual perverting of the war, and of perverting it even to the direct help of the rebels, is that of McClellan himself. He it was who began his mediating military career—his half-one-way and half-the-other-way generalship—with a proclamation of safety to the foe at that very point where the foe was most vulnerable and most alarmed. He it was who assured the slaveholders that he would guard their homes, their wives and children from servile insurrection, and who thereby left them free to go forth to swell rebellion's battling hosts. And now for him whose duty, instead of ministering peace and security to the enemy, was to leave him appalled and paralyzed with every possible terror—and now for him, I say, to throw out in his cowardly way his utterly false charge that the government has perverted the war is enough to make the soul of every honest man boil over with indignation. Very far am I from saying that McClellan should have favored servile insurrection. But I do say that he should have left the slaveholders to all their fears from their slaves and to all that occupation of their thoughts and time which those fears called for. I add that his relieving them of those fears and of that occupation was treason to his country—was even literal treason—for it was "adhering to her enemies, giving them aid and comfort."

McClellan professes great love of the Constitution and the Union. I love them. The costliest gift whereby I might contribute to preserve them I have not withheld. Both in peace and war, abundantly with both lips and pen, I have opposed even the slightest alteration in the Constitution. But whilst McClellan sees our government making war upon the Union and the Constitution, I see no other war upon them than that which his own party and its Southern allies are waging.

I said that I love the Constitution. But I love my country more. I would use the Constitution to save the country. Instance their incessant knavish talk about the constitutional rights and the reserved rights of the seceded States. Whereas the plain fact is, that those States did, in seceding, forfeit every right but the right to be punished. France, were England to conquer her, would have no *right* to the present political subdivisions of her soil; and the South, being a rebel, and the guiltiest of all rebels, will, if conquered, be more emphatically destitute of all *rights* than hers. I would hope that her old State lines might be recognized; but this would be for her conqueror alone to determine. The theory so industriously and injuriously and traitorously inculcated by the Democrats—that what were rights before the rebellion must be rights after it, aye and all the way through it—is the veriest nonsense. I have instanced the talk of the Democrats at one point. Instance? too: their incessant knavish talk about carrying on the war according to the Constitution. They know that the nation which should try to carry on war according to a Constitution would certainly perish; and hence indeed is it that they are continually urging the Administration to make this altogether unprecedented experiment. Our Constitution does not attempt the folly of prescribing the way in which we shall carry on war. The simple truth in this matter (and they are either silly or disingenuous who deny it) is, that war must ever be a law unto itself, and that no other law can meet its exigencies.

I said that I love the Union. My whole heart is set on its restoration; and therefore have I done all I could to compel the South to return to it. I say *compel*, because I believe she must be *compelled*. During all the years of the rebellion McClellan and his party have constantly held that the South would return to the Union, if the North would prepare the way. But the South has as constantly held to the contrary. For the reasons I have already given, the South will not consent to return. She has set up her new nation with slavery for its boasted corner-stone; and she will not, but upon compulsion, belong again to a nation of another kind. There is, I admit, one way in which the South might possibly be induced to return to the Union. That way McClellan and his party know; and that way I have not the slightest doubt they are willing, and no small share of them eager, to prepare. Should the North consent to set up slavery within all her borders and to put, as slavery requires, the claim of property in man on the same footing with the claim of property in horses and hogs, the South might possibly consent to return to the Union. The Democratic party knows that this is the only way in which she would consent to return, and this way the Democratic party would open to her.

The pernicious cry that our sole legitimate object in prosecuting the war is to save the Constitution and the Union is, of course, abundantly echoed in McClellan's letter. The declarations both in and out of Congress in the early stages of the war that our one work was to restore the Constitution and the Union, I am not disposed to criticize. But very unwise was it to repeat such declarations after the rebellion had taken on its wide dimensions and was putting forth its gigantic and appalling efforts. Then our one work was to put down the rebellion; and, if need be, at whatever expense to Constitution or Union. The forms of the Constitution and the terms of the Union had then become of comparatively little account. Nay, the rebellion, greatest of all the crimes earth ever knew, must go down, though all do go down with it. Alas, how unreasonable and insane for the enemies of the rebellion at such a time as this, when the common work of putting it down claims the hands of all and all the interest of all, to be making issues between themselves about the character of the Constitution or the conditions of the Union! Put down the rebellion! Put it down now, and unconditionally! Matters about the Constitution and the Union can be adjusted afterward. This Democratic shouting for the Constitution and the Union is but to call us off from crushing the rebellion.

I notice McClellan's pathetic appeal for the votes of the soldiers and sailors. What an impudent affectation in him to profess regard for these brave and devoted men, whilst he worms his way up to the platform in which the cause they are battling, bleeding and dying for is condemned and its abandonment called for! I say its *abandonment*—for such is the only possible meaning of the immediate armistice or "cessation of hostilities" which the platform demands. If, as President Lincoln's favorite story says, it is "no time to swap horses when crossing the stream," so it is no time to stop horses when crossing it. To stop at that critical moment is to expose all to go down stream. For us to stop the war at this time is to abandon the war, and to make vain all we have sacrificed in prosecuting it. Moreover, it is to abandon it when we are on the very eve of accomplishing its one object—the overthrow of the rebellion. I said it was an impudent affectation in McClellan, whilst indorsing the platform which insults the brave men who are fighting our battles, to be professing regard for them. So is it for him to be professing that regard whilst he places himself on that platform by the side of a Vice-Presidential candidate, whose sympathies with the South are as open as his own are sly! This candidate, for whom also is necessarily every vote cast for McClellan, and who, if elected, becomes, in no very improbable event, the President of the United States, is George H. Pendleton, who is a member of Congress, and who in that capacity steadily votes against supplies of men and moneys and taxes for carrying on the war. He is the same Pendleton, who, with but nineteen others, voted against censuring Harris for using treasonable language on the floor of Congress, and who with but fifteen others voted against the resolution which declares the duty of crushing the rebellion. Greatly mistaken is McClellan if, with his unenviable military reputation and his base and guilty political connections, he hopes to catch our discerning soldiers and sailors with such chaff as his heartless praises of them. They read him "like a book." They will turn their backs upon him; and will give their approving faces and approving votes to the honest Lincoln who deals in no twaddle about the Constitution and Union, and who speaks what he means; to the patriotic and earnest Lincoln, who believes in the cause for which our soldiers and sailors are contending, who does his utmost to reinforce them, and who scouts as spurious any Peace with the rebels which shall precede their unconditional surrender. This attempt of McClellan to get the votes of the armed defenders of the country reminds us of a similar attempt of the Convention that nominated him. In one of its resolutions the Democratic party is made to promise to take "care" of "the soldiery." Impudent and insulting promise! Undoubtedly "the soldiery" will, in turn, take care of the Democratic party. It will take care of it at the approaching election; and when the war is over at the South, and the day of reckoning for Northern rascality shall have come, it will again take care of the Northern traitors whose sympathies have made strong the hands of Southern traitors, and who have in this wise greatly prolonged the war and greatly swollen the sum of the sufferings of our Army.

I spoke of McClellan's worming his way up to the platform, which the Convention prepared for him and his fellow Peace man to stand on. He did not mount it like a bad bold man, but crawled upon it like a bad timid one. His timidity, however, was in no wise because of a disagreement between the platform and his own views—for he virtually says that there is no disagreement between them when he says: "Believing that the views here expressed are those of the Convention and the people you represent, I accept the nomination." He believes that the Convention and its constituents agree with him for the sufficient reason that, having read their platform, he finds himself agreeing with them. It is well that the traitorous and infamous platform is so outspoken, since in this wise, inasmuch as McClellan does himself believe that he and its framers mean the same thing, we are enabled to put confident interpretations upon the double-meaning phraseology of his cunning and cowardly letter. Oh no! McClellan's shyness of the platform was in no degree because he dissented from it—for he did not dissent from it. It was solely because he feared that an open, plump indorsement of a Peace platform would leave him no votes but those of the Peace Democrats.

I have not failed to notice the patriotic, brave and warlike words with which McClellan has sprinkled his letter. Inasmuch, however, as they are at entire variance with other parts of it and with the obvious spirit and aim of the whole; and inasmuch also as they are repugnant to both the entire body and soul of that platform which by his acceptance of his nomination, as well as otherwise, he expresses his approval of; and inasmuch moreover as these cunningly flung-in words are out of all harmony with the words and deeds of that other George who stands beside him, and of the unprincipled party which nominated them—inasmuch as all this is so I make no account of them. I cast the affected words aside, declaring them to be, as the lawyers would say, *void for inconsistency*. I could wish that these words might cost McClellan the loss of the votes of some Peace Democrats. But I have no idea that they will. These Peace Democrats know their man, and they are as sure of their one George as of the other. Hence, whilst nothing McClellan can say in favor of a war policy, can shake their confidence in his purpose for a Southern and pro-slavery peace, the more he shall say in favor of such policy, the more will he rise in their esteem—all that he says passes to the credit of his cunning [illegible] the votes of Democrats.

I am not ignorant that the *Daily* [illegible] and *Metropolitan Record*, Vallandigham and other such have come out against McClellan. But they will be for him when election comes. Why should they not be? Why should they not trust him? Like them, he slanders the government and the North. Like them, instead of ever saying so much as one word against slavery, he is constantly proving that his great concern is to save it. It is true that their treason is more open and noisy than his, but his is nevertheless as real and earnest as theirs. The coming out of Peace Democrats against McClellan is most likely but part of the game. Their showing a want of confidence in him is expected to increase the confidence of War Democrats in him. But even if there are a few Peace Democrats, who, because of the warlike words in his letter, do not like to vote for him, they nevertheless will vote for him. Such fellows are always either coaxed or whipped in. Let not the friends of the country flatter themselves that McClellan, who is in heart just what the Peace Democrats could wish him to be, will lose so much as one of their votes.

I pass on to inquire why it is, since the South is so obviously the guilty party in this war, so large a share of the Northern people goes with her. It is because of the power of party. It was long ago that the Democratic party came into alliance with slavery. I do not believe that it was, as a prominent politician is affirming it to be, a "natural" alliance. In the early [illegible] of the republic the parties, [illegible] considered [illegible] essentially different. But the espousal of the pro-slavery policy wrought a sad change in the Democratic party. Its good men saw it and lamented it, and from time to time many of them quit it. When at length slavery, having failed to accomplish its ends by political, commercial and ecclesiastical agencies, burst forth in rebellion (for the rebellion is neither more nor less than slavery in arms), then, as was to be expected, there was a great exodus from the Democratic party. Thousands of that party, who had been guilty of falling in with its concessions to slavery, hoping thereby not only to help their party but to preserve the quiet and promote the prosperity of the country, could no longer remain in their pro-slavery party after slavery had undertaken the violent dismemberment of the nation. Nevertheless, the Democratic party did not become weak. As is natural, those who clung to it became more than ever devoted to slavery; and the more pro-slavery the party became the more attractive was it to the aristocratic element in our population. For aristocracy, not in England only but the world over, must ever be in sympathy with slaveholding. Contempt of the toiling poor, black or white, bond or free, is common to both. Moreover, as the Democratic party increased in devotion to slavery it grew in favor with those ignorant and debased multitudes, who love slavery because they love to have a stratum of humanity still lower than their own. Again, these multitudes go for slavery because they are taught by the demagogues, who get their votes, that the colored people not in slavery are their rivals for the humble forms of labor.

The Democratic party, now so openly and shamelessly the servant of the Slave Power as to be at work either to break up the nation or to bring all parts of it equally under the reign of slavery, has long been the servant of that Power. Instance its innumerable mobs to prevent or break up the discussion of slavery. To embarrass the government and help the rebels it has become the champion of the right of free speech. Nevertheless, its Amos Kendall, who is now so conspicuously on the side of free speech, went so far the other way as to let slavery stalk into the Post Office Department, and wield its mighty machinery against free speech. Even our bland and gentle Gov. Seymour, who is now so distressfully concerned for the safety of free speech, was, but little more than three years ago, planning in conclave with kindred spirits the forcible prevention of a speech against slavery.

That the Democratic party should, even now, when all Christendom is giving up slavery, still cling to it is not unaccountable. Its whole life has come to lie in slavery; and it knows that when slavery dies it must itself die. Hence to expect the Democratic party to give up slavery is to expect it to give up itself; and the political party has not yet been which will consent to give up itself.

The Democratic party is, in short, neither more nor less than the Northern wing of the rebellion; and the same spirit of opposition to universal freedom and to the lifting up of oppressed and degraded humanity which imbues the Southern rebels, imbues the Northern rebels also. That such a party should do what it can to hinder the putting down of the rebellion is only what might be expected. But that even so guilty a party should taunt us with incompetence to carry on the war and with lack of success in it is a meanness and hypocrisy, which it surely did not need to add to its stupendous wickedness. How multiplied are its hindrances to our successful prosecution of the war! It discourages enlistments. It opposes drafts, and goes so far as to make them occasions for plundering and murderous riots. It impeaches the national credit, and does all it can to shake confidence and prevent investments in government bonds. It slanders and villifies our upright and able President and his upright and able Cabinet. Whilst sullen over the victories achieved by our army, it exaggerates and rejoices in its defeats. I need specify no further. Enough is it to add that its crimes and character are summed up in the crowning infamy of a Convention, which built that traitorous and hypocritical platform, and put upon it the two Georges, who are precisely suited to it and to each other. How sad that the men, who are doing these things, are even too depraved and too infatuated to pause and consider what a heritage of shame they are preparing for their children!

The friends of the country must not allow themselves to be discouraged by all that its Northern and therefore its worst enemies have done and are still doing to discourage them. They must continue to believe that a cause, so good as is their cause, will not fail. They must still have faith in God, and still believe that He will not suffer the hard-earned treasure and righteous blood which we have poured out in the war to be but waste. They must still believe that our brave and dear soldiers and sailors, who have died or been crippled in this war, have not died nor been crippled in vain. They must still believe that the sorrows of our scores of thousands of bereaved families will find their soothing and recompense in a nation of all its former boundaries and of far more than all its former justice, freedom and prosperity.

This nation will live. It has given ample proof that it can withstand both foreign [illegible] and both Northern and Southern re[illegible]. This nation will live to see herself and the whole Continent free from oppressors—not from slaveholders only but from imperial despots also. The Democratic party will not much longer, by weakening and [illegible] us, encourage the designs of the Napoleons and Maximilians. For the Democratic party will soon die. As life is the law of righteousness, so death is the law of wickedness: and the wickedness of the Democratic party is fast nearing that extreme limit where wickedness, all ripe and rotten, dies of itself.

Let us be of good cheer. Atlanta is already ours. So also is the Bay of Mobile. Very soon we shall have conquered two or three other important points; and then but a brief, feeble, flickering life will remain to the rebellion. What is scarcely less important, the Election will also be ours. And then thanks to God, the Democratic party that ugliest of all the enemies of human rights and human happiness, will be dead. The name may survive; but the party that shall wear it will be as unlike to the present Democratic party as day is to darkness.

Peterboro, Sept. 14th, 1864. GERRIT SMITH.

### SENTIMENT OF THE SOUTH—ORIGINAL PURPOSES OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

The following extract of a private letter from a lady [illegible] and in Europe, will be read with interest. It confirms what we (N. Y. Times) have always claimed to have been the original purpose of the conspirators:

NEW YORK, Saturday, Sept. 10, 1864.

* * * I inclose for your own perusal an extract from a private letter from Mrs. ———, whose positions and relations you know. [illegible] *monkey*, written in a spirit of [illegible] intended to [illegible] and char[illegible] terrible re[illegible] upon those who have [illegible] It is [illegible] and motives [illegible] sure at the [illegible] Davis's [illegible] you [illegible] and that the independence of the [illegible] *acknowledged* will be followed by [illegible]; that peace which is now so eagerly sought for by the Democratic party, will be used by the South only to strengthen themselves for our subjugation, for an opportunity to get into our debt and to steal, if possible, once more the sinews of war.

I have an intimate knowledge of the original purpose of the South, which was the *overthrow of the government of the United States, putting at its head their own leader*. That a *mistake* was made in abandoning the *Federal flag* and in turning its back upon Washington, is now admitted by the Confederacy, laying the blame on the party at the North (now brought back to its duty) of failing to coöperate, and of cowardly shrinking from its obligations at the moment of secession. Through this same party it is yet hoped to retrieve this error at the coming election. It would have been brought about last Summer, but for the failure of Gov. Seymour to fulfil his part, but the *organization* has been complete from the first, and the conspiracy ripe.

Forgive my intruding upon you. It is from anxiety that no *delusion* should prevail. I abhor war, but I love my country and its best friends. I would see its interests committed, and I have thought it possible that your hand might be strengthened even by so feeble a sympathy as mine. While in Europe I had much opportunity of knowing the plans, purposes, and expectations of the rebels and their sympathizers.

### A NEW WORD ABOUT THE WAR.

[Extract from a Sermon by Rev. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK, D.D., Professor in Union Theological Seminary.]

WE are tired of hearing our war called gigantic; that word has been used so much. And yet the fact remains of a great war; the greatest, perhaps, in history. I need not tell you how great it is: great in the length and breadth of its theatre; great in its hosts of armed men upon the land, great in its fleets upon the sea, great in its cost of treasure, great in its cost of blood. So great is it, that had its dimensions been foreseen, the heart of the nation would have failed it. So great is it, that the hearts of many men have failed them as it is. So great is it, that only the most vivid sense of the still greater issues at stake in it will suffice to bear us through.

Cries of peace are on the wind. We heard them at the start. We have heard them all along. We hear them now louder than ever. But cries of peace from whom, and to whom? Some are the prayers of all the saints ascending since the war began, that God will be pleased, in his own good time, to send us peace by righteousness, that so it may be a lasting peace. But no cry is heard as yet from the rebels in arms, who might have peace to-morrow, by simply throwing down their weapons and striking their flag. No cry as yet from our own brave boys, their blue jackets fragrant with the smell of victories. No cry from the bloody graves of fallen heroes, who would as gladly fight and die again for the old flag. No cry even from widows and orphans, who have lost all they had to lose, and now only pray it may not have been in vain. Nowhere any cry do we hear, but from the lips of rebels not in arms, or who, if not rebels, are the dupes and the tools of rebels, doing the work of rebels, and doing it better now and here than though they had followed their hearts down over the lines. These are the men who now cry for peace at any price, peace on the instant by the grounding of our arms, when they know, some of them, better even than we, for they have learned it from Richmond, that the rebellion is on the verge of grounding its arms. Peace, they cry, as over a drawn battle, when they know the battle is nearly finished in victory. Peace they cry, when they know that peace now, without another blow, would be substantially the triumph of our foes. Some of these men who cry for peace are bold, bad men; as bold and as bad as Cataline. Others are only sensual and sordid, not willing to pay blood and gold for truth, freedom, and righteousness. Others are only timid, shrinking from further trial. Others, tired but not timid, are only mistaken, honestly thinking the war can be ended in no other way. Others, again, are only the rank and file of old political organizations, who know no other voice than that of their old shepherds. Taking them all together, their name is legion. They are found in all portions of the loyal States, and in numbers are probably about as strong, relatively, as the Tories of the Revolution; perhaps a little stronger. They are now, by the confession of the rebels themselves, the forlorn hope of their Confederacy. Foreign intervention was abandoned long ago as an idle dream. The rebellion is standing literally on its last legs; it has conscripted everything it could lay its hands on that could be of any use to it between the cradle and the grave. The recruiting drum-beat would not be more out of place in the churchyards than in the streets of most of the Southern towns. A few thousands of men more on our side, and the thing is ended. Peace would then come, not by an armistice, which would lead to no peace that could last, but by victories so overwhelming and conclusive that no man anywhere would dare to challenge the result. So says the Lieut.-General of our armies, God bless him for his sublime tenacity of purpose, for his steadfast faith, for his many victories. So say all our best generals. So say all our best soldiers. And the rebels know it to be true. Only one hope now sustains them, and that is their hope of seeing yet, at the eleventh hour, a divided and palsied North.

Shall they see it? Tell me, Christian friends and neighbors, tell me, my fellow-countrymen, shall they see it? This is now the grand question before us. And it is the only question. The question of slavery, in its relations to our politics, our industry, our religion even, is just now supremely impertinent; impertinent, I say, not because slavery can be cleared of the guilt of this rebellion, or can be thought compatible with the revived prosperity and permanent peace of the Republic, or can be looked upon with moral indifference by moral men; but simply because, by its own act, it now lies at the mercy of events, which must have their course. Of the four millions of Southern bondmen at the beginning of this rebellion, more than one million—Mr. Davis has said nearly two million—have been freed already. Others yet will snatch their freedom as our armies advance. And they would have snatched it all the same had there been no Proclamation of 1863. That military edict is, therefore, but a poor apology for turning against the government now. Beyond all controversy, it has weakened the rebellion, and strengthened the government; weakened the rebellion by making emancipation, not merely a military incident, but a well-advised and avowed purpose, in order to the quicker and surer triumph of our arms; strengthened the government by all the thousands of colored troops now in its service, by arraying on our side the sympathies of the best men in Europe, and securing for ourselves the inspiration, not of patriotism alone, but also of philanthropy and the fear of God. To reënslave these freemen would be not merely infamous, it would be insane. These, then, are wholly out of the problem. The eagles are uncaged, and gone. What shall be done with such as may not have been actually liberated along the paths of our armies? what shall be done with the institution of slavery itself?—these are questions of the future, questions to be taken up and disposed of after the war is ended, and the Union, which, according to the loyal theory of the war, has never been dissolved, shall have been in fact restored. For the future, the immediate future to which they belong they are questions of the gravest moment. Perhaps we shall all soon feel them to be the crucial questions of our destiny. Perhaps the hour is nearer than some of us suppose, when the whole nation shall be standing in awe of Him whose office it is to say, Inasmuch as ye have done it, or have not done it, unto one of the least of these my [illegible], ye have done it, or have not done it, unto me. But just at [illegible] as we are, from the [illegible] of our [illegible] pressed [illegible] never [illegible]—these questions are [illegible] of *peace or armistice*. This is the question [illegible] it, and hold its [illegible] ourselves [illegible], and how each [illegible]. It [illegible] fails of vic[illegible] of ours.

*Armistice* is [illegible]. But what is armistice? [illegible] suspended. But [illegible], they tell us. Be not deceived [illegible]. Peace will never come this way. [illegible] that the old [illegible]. This explains [illegible] that they "are not [illegible] about it." [illegible] with their [illegible] of course [illegible] pendence established, and an open [illegible] selves and the dusky Continent, they will know how to make good the losses of the war. They are inflexibly resolved upon an independent confederacy; and if, with their armies so well in hand, they can hold the Southern masses to that programme to-day, with those armies refreshed and resupplied, they will be able to hold these same masses to that same programme to-morrow. The armistice will end, as it began, in an unqualified and stubborn demand for independence. They say they want nothing else, and will think of nothing else. If their demand be refused—as refused it must be, for I have read in a recent document that "the Union must be preserved at all hazards"—then it will be war again, only worse and less likely by a thousand fold to end propitiously than now. If the demand be conceded, there may, indeed, be peace for a time, but war again after a season, and war forever, till either our descendants learn the wisdom now offered to us, or the continent is black with ruins. What man in his senses can imagine for a moment the possibility of permanent amity, or any like it, between two such governments as would take the place of the one government now battling for its life? What man that wishes to plant, or spin, or trade, or study, would be willing to stay amidst such uncertainties as would then be chronic? What mother would be willing to nurse her babe amidst such alarms as then would be yearly constant? Or is it supposed that there is still a [illegible] a latent majority in favor of the old Union, who need only to be consulted, who ask for a suspension of hostilities only that they may rid themselves of their present rulers and resume their place under the old flag? If there be any such latent majority, from what I know of human nature, I do not believe, for one, that they will either respect or like us any the less for having cut up the rebellion root and branch; a rebellion, with respect to which the chief question now is and ever will be, whether its rank is highest among the great historic blunders or among the great historic crimes.

No, my friends and countrymen, this proposed armistice will never do. After it would be the Deluge. There is but one way of peace, and this is not it. The owl's eye hath not seen it; but Farragut has found it upon the sea; and Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan have found it upon the land. It is war; war with all our might now for a few weeks longer, till every rebel army is scattered, and our long-oppressed brethren of the South, insurgent against the leaders, by whom they have been betrayed almost to utter ruin, cast those leaders down and sue for peace. Then shall we have peace indeed; thoroughly conquered, and sure to last. Doth any man deny, or doubt, the possibility of a conquered peace? He must be either a very disingenuous or a very dull student of history. History knows no other peace worth having than a conquered peace.

Such a peace is now possible to us. We have but to put forth our hands to it, hands clad in steel, and it is ours; ours, and our children's, forever and forever more. Then shall this continent, having ended its old life after the flesh, enter upon its new life after the spirit. We shall be cured of much that is now our weakness and our shame. With more and more of wealth, we shall be more and more mindful of its highest uses. With more and more of power, we shall be less and less boastful of it. Our soil made sacred by such a baptism of fraternal blood, we shall tread more reverently; and this soil shall be too sacred for the feet of slaves. Christ himself shall sit regnant over us. Now he sends us the sword, because of our manifold offenses; but then will he give us peace.

### SHERMAN FIGHTING WITH THE PEN.

[The following letter shows that Gen. Sherman can wield a pen as skilfully as he wields the sword.]

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE
MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD,
ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 10, 1864.

*Gen. J. B. HOOD, Commanding Army of the Tennessee, Confederate Army.*

GENERAL: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this date at the hands of Messrs. Ball and Crew, consenting to the arrangements I had proposed, to facilitate the removal South of the people of Atlanta, who prefer to go in that direction. I enclose you a copy of my orders, which will, I am satisfied, accomplish my purpose perfectly. You style the measures proposed "unprecedented," and appeal to the dark history of war when recent and modern appeals are so handy. You, yourself, burned dwelling houses along your parapet, and I have seen to-day fifty houses that you have rendered uninhabitable, because they stood in the way of your forts and men. You defended Atlanta on a line so close to the town, that every cannon shot, and many musket shots from our line of investments, that overshot their mark, went into the habitations of women and children. Gen. Hardee did the same at Jonesboro, and Gen. Johnston did the same last Summer at Jackson, Miss. I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but merely instance those cases of very recent occurrences, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others, and challenge any fair man to judge which of us has the heart of pity for the families of a "brave people." I say it is a kindness to these families of Atlanta to remove them now at once from scenes that women and children should not be exposed to; and the brave men should scorn to commit their wives and children to the rude barbarians, who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war as illustrated in the pages of its dark history. In the name of common sense, I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner—you who, in the midst of peace and prosperity, have plunged a nation into civil war, "dark and cruel war," who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of a peaceful ordnance sergeant, seized and made prisoners of war the very garrisons sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians, long before any overt act was committed by the "to you" hateful Lincoln government, tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into the rebellion spite of themselves, falsified the vote of Louisiana, turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships, expelled Union families by the thousand, burned their houses, and declared by act of your Congress the confiscation of all debts due Northern men for goods had and received. Talk thus to the marines but not to me, who have seen these things, and will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best-born Southerner among you. If we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time, and he will pronounce whether it be more humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a "brave people" at our backs, or to remove them in time to places of safety among their own friends and people.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General Commanding.

### CRUEL TREATMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE IN LOUISVILLE.

Editorial Correspondence of the Philadelphia Christian Recorder.

WE arrived in the city of Louisville on the 2[illegible]th of August, accompanied by Bishops Quinn and Campbell, and Brother Myers. We had not been in the city long before we heard of [illegible] up the colored people, and some of the [illegible] the same day that we arrived, [illegible] arrested [illegible] and at once taken [illegible] quarters, but we were [illegible] to know at [illegible] they were finally released.

Rev. J[illegible] Turner being one of those who were arrested, [illegible] authority and the right [illegible] the city [illegible].

On the following [illegible] of [illegible] late [illegible] disturbers [illegible] by these [illegible] around [illegible] a late [illegible] of fiendish [illegible] town [illegible] stand [illegible] way [illegible] and [illegible] suit a[illegible] of the policemen by the name [illegible] Cav. T[illegible] off to [illegible] while we were writing; and the Provost-Marshal finally acquitted him with the understanding that he was never to deport himself in such a manner again.

The only reason why Brother Woodfork did not gain the suit was because his skin was of a darker hue—or, as our enemies would say, because he was a "nigger." Had he been possessed of a white skin he would have gained the suit without any difficulty. Lord save me from such injustice and corruption. When will the white Americans learn to do right by the people of color, of whom God himself is the great Creator? On that great Day of final account, what a great reckoning there will be! Then justice will be done to all. God will see to that, and many of the poor and persecuted colored people will be assigned to the highest mansions in glory. Many who are now lords over the oppressed will be assigned to the regions of night on that great day of account.

In regard to the authorities, they have been informed of the treatment we have been subjected to, and they have assured us that we should be protected. We, therefore, hope that we shall now be enabled to go through without further molestation.

We are glad to find colored soldiers here in Louisville, notwithstanding the fact that many of the Copperheads and negro-haters declared that no colored person shall or should be allowed to wear the uniform of "Uncle Sam." But "Uncle Sam" has shown them that he was dictator and ruler over the country, and consequently they wear the uniform in spite of all opposition. It looks somewhat strange to see colored soldiers walking about the city, and many of these, too, as guards—guards over white men. They take up rebels, Copperheads, and bushwhackers. Our Northern people, with all their boasted freedom, are not willing to have colored guards over white people.

### A VIGOROUS LETTER FROM GEN. SHERMAN.

THE Mayor and Council of Atlanta addressed an elaborate letter to Gen. Sherman on the 11th inst., requesting him to revoke or modify his order for the removal of the inhabitants of the city. The General replied as follows:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, IN THE FIELD,
ATLANTA, GA., Sept. 12, 1864.

JAMES M. CALHOUN, *Mayor*, E. E. RAWSON *and* S. C. WELLS, *representing City Council of Atlanta*.

GENTLEMEN: I have your letter of the 11th, in the nature of a petition to revoke my orders removing all the inhabitants from Atlanta. I have read it carefully, and give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned by it, and yet shall not revoke my order, simply because my orders are not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for future struggles in which millions, yea, hundreds of millions, of good people outside of Atlanta have a deep interest. We must have peace, not only at Atlanta but in all America. To secure this we must stop the war that now desolates our once happy and favored country. To stop war we must defeat the rebel armies that are arrayed against the laws and Constitution, which all must respect and obey. To defeat these armies we must prepare the way to reach them in their recesses, provided with the arms and instruments which enable us to accomplish our purpose.

Now, I know the vindictive nature of our enemy, and that we may have many years of military operations from this quarter, and therefore deem it wise and prudent to prepare in time. The use of Atlanta for military purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families. There will be no manufactures, commerce or agriculture here for the maintenance of families, and sooner or later want will compel the inhabitants to go. Why not go now, when all the arrangements are completed for the transfer, instead of waiting till the plunging shot of contending armies will renew the scenes of the past month? Of course I do not apprehend any such thing at this moment, but you do not suppose that this army will be here till the war is over. I cannot discuss this subject with you fairly, because I cannot impart to you what I propose to do; but I assert that my military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make their exodus in any direction as easy and comfortable as possible. You cannot qualify war in harsher terms than I will.

War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it; and those who brought war on our country deserve all the curses and maledictions a people can pour out. I know I had no hand in making this war, and I know I will make more sacrifices than any of you to secure peace. But you cannot have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now, it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war. The United States does and must assert its authority wherever it has power; if it relaxes one bit to pressure it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of Union. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National government, and instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from whatever quarter it may. I know that a few individuals cannot resist a torrent of error and passion such as has swept the South into rebellion; but you can point out, so that we may know those who desire a government and those who insist on war and its desolation.

You might as well appeal against the thunder-storm as against these terrible hardships of war. They are inevitable, and the only way the people of Atlanta can hope once more to live in peace and quiet at home is to stop this war, which can alone be done by admitting that it began in error and is perpetuated in pride. We don't want your negroes or your horses, or your houses or your land, or anything you have, but we do want and will have a just obedience to the laws of the United States. That we will have, and if it involves the destruction of your improvements, we cannot help it. You have heretofore read public sentiment in your newspapers, that live by falsehood and excitement, and the quicker you seek for truth in other quarters the better for you.

I repeat, then, that by the original compact of government, the United States had certain rights in Georgia which have never been relinquished, and never will be; that the South began war by seizing forts, arsenals, mints, custom houses, etc., etc., long before Mr. Lincoln was installed, and before the South had one jot or tittle of provocation. I myself had seen in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi hundreds and thousands of women and children fleeing from your armies and desperadoes, hungry and with bleeding feet. In Memphis, Vicksburg and Mississippi we fed thousands upon thousands of the families of rebel soldiers left on our hands, and whom we could not see starve. Now that war comes home to you, you feel very different; you deprecate its horrors, but did not feel them when you sent carloads of soldiers and ammunition, and moulded shell and shot to carry war into Kentucky and Tennessee, and desolate the homes of hundreds and thousands of good people, who only asked to live in peace at their old homes, and under the government of their inheritance. But these comparisons are idle. I want peace, and believe it can only be reached through Union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect and early success.

But, my dear sirs, when that peace does come, you may call on me for anything. Then will I share with you the last cracker, and watch with you to shield your homes and families against danger from every quarter. Now, you must go and take with you the old and feeble; feed and nurse them, and build for them in more quiet places proper habitations to shield them against the weather, until the mad passions of men cool down, and allow the Union and peace once more to settle on your old homes at Atlanta.

Yours, in haste,
W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General.

### THE REBELS' LAST HOPE.

THE fact that Lee's Army cheered lustily when they received the news of McClellan's nomination cannot be gainsayed. They had been assured by their misleaders that "Little Mac is all right"—that his election would end their perils and privations by insuring their triumph—they knew that Pendleton had stood their friend in Congress and elsewhere—they saw that the Chicago platform was all that they could ask—and they cheered as if they had heard that Early had taken Washington, making the President and his Cabinet their prisoners. Lord Lyons wrote officially to Earl Russell, in November, 1863, that the removal of McClellan from command had taken aback and frustrated those "Conservative" leaders in our city who were meditating a surrender to the rebels. Of course, those rebels are now cheered with the fond delusion that their friends are about to put him back again. But they will be woefully disappointed.

Mr. Thomas O. Harter, a member of McPhail's U. S. Detectives, makes the following statement through the *Wabash* (Ind.) *Express*:

"On the 26th of Aug., 1864, I had an opportunity to get into conversation with a colonel attached to the brigade commanded by an officer well known on the Potomac as Mud-Wall Jackson. At the time, they were encamped at Shepherdstown, Virginia. I fortunately came into possession of a Baltimore *American*, and received assurances from the commanding officer of their pickets that I would be granted the privilege of exchanging papers and my return to our own forces. I readily accepted, and during this time had the following interview with the above colonel: His first question to me was, 'Do you think that the recent nominees for President and Vice-President, or in other words, do you think that Lincoln and Johnson, will be elected President and Vice-President of the United States this Fall?' My reply to the above was that it was my opinion they would. To that reply he remarked that, if such should be the case, then the cause in which he was engaged would prove hopeless: that their only hopes were founded in the delusion of a divided North and change of Administration; if such did not occur, that in his opinion there would not be a gun fired after the lapse of three [illegible] after it was made known to the Southern Confed[illegible] t Lincoln and Johnson were elected. [illegible] arked to him that the President had called for [illegible] ed thousand more men, and that they would be

[illegible] necessary [illegible], but [illegible] not [illegible] scripted [illegible] between the ages of [illegible] and fifty, capable [illegible]. This is one expression I wish to call your attention. It may appear a small number to raise, but [illegible], I [illegible] to say it is correct.

'I have travelled nearly all over Virginia since the rebellion, in all of its important cities and towns, and I know that what I say is true; and, having seen others that have had similar opportunities to ascertain facts in regard to their hopeless situation, I can say, as one confident of saying what is true, that they are not [illegible] stronger in force than they can be again, and [illegible] all that is required to insure the success of our arms and our cause, is to answer the President's call for more men, and prevent the election of the so-called Peace men to any position whatever, either [illegible] State or United States. Their facilities for getting news from the Northern States are of such a nature that they would not be kept in the dark long after the result is made known; and they expect no other assistance [illegible] reported division of the people in the Northern States. Let them know there is [illegible] and the cause is ours, and once more will the Stars and Stripes [illegible] triumphantly wave over every State in our continent.'"—*Tribune.*

### SPEECH BY SALMON P. CHASE.

[SALMON P. CHASE was lately honored by a serenade at his house in Washington, when he made the following speech:]

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I thank you for the compliment of this call. As I am not a man holding office, nor a candidate for office, I may, without vanity, regard this demonstration as a mark of personal good will, and of approval for services which it has been my fortune to render in times past.

Since my return to the honorable position of a private citizen, I have thought that I was entitled to a short vacation of eight weeks, after unremitted labor for eight or nine years. I have returned among you for a brief period, with renewed health and vigor. I propose soon to go to my own great State in the West, there to advocate the cause so dear to you all. I believe you call yourself the Lincoln and Johnson Club. These names represent to us, to-day, principles and a policy, designs and purposes, by which alone we believe this country can be saved. Of these principles I have been an earnest advocate, to use a legal phrase, for a length of time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." I shall not be likely now to forget them, or cease to inculcate them to my fellow-citizens. If all the voters would take my advice, there would not be a vote cast except for those two gentlemen. A great many, no doubt, and, in my humble judgment, a large majority, will be given for them.

The Baltimore platform, upon which these nominees were placed, comprises three great principles: First—Union, one and indivisible. That Union embraces in its extent the whole country—every hill, every river, every mouth of every river, every promontory and cape wherever the flag of the Union ever floated.

The next of these principles is, that the Union has been assaulted by slavery, and slavery must die the death which it deserves. This principle was announced by the Convention by, I suppose, a greater degree of unanimity than any other there enunciated. Is there a man here who means to deny this? Is there one who means to suffer this to be put down?

The third principle is, the rights of Americans must be respected by all foreign countries. They have no idea of allowing princes or potentates of any country to interfere with anything that of right belongs to this country or to the people of this country, or to place any obstructions in the way of the institutions and the progress of this country.

The Union can only be maintained by thoroughly suppressing the rebellion, and preserving republican institutions, based upon these principles. To this end, the people propose to maintain their armies now in the field. We do not mean to treat them with any hollow or lip sympathy: we do not mean to give any cold cuts, but warm, generous sympathy, warm, generous support to the men who are fighting under that obstinate fellow Grant; the men who have acted so splendidly in that campaign, consummated by that glorious victory, under Sherman; the men who, on the ocean wave, or in the harbors of that ocean, wherever Farragut leads them, with that gallant commander tied to the mast-head. We intend to give them ample supplies of arms, food, clothing, everything which they can need. And, while doing this, we intend to appeal to them, in the name of this great Republic to save our national honor and our free institutions.

We want peace, but we want it with a Union made sacred by freedom, and made permanent by foundations upon freedom and justice.

Which of the planks in our platform do you want taken out? Do you want any one shaved a single particle? No, no; let it stand as it is. It is all good. Let us maintain it all. Let us maintain the men who support it.

I talked a little to you to-night, my friends, and have said some things which I intend to say to the people of my own State. I have always thought that I could go to the people and tell them plainly what we need and what is right. I have never feared to appeal to their sound heads and true hearts. I have always found them willing to trust me whenever I was willing to trust them.

Mr. Chase concluded by again returning thanks for the compliment bestowed upon him, and the crowd dispersed after giving hearty cheers for the speaker, the army and navy, and Lincoln and Johnson.

### ANOTHER CHANGE IN THE CABINET.

#### MR. BLAIR RESIGNS, AND MR. LINCOLN ACCEPTS.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1864.

WHEN the resolution of the late Baltimore Convention declaring that "they deemed it essential to the general welfare that harmony shall prevail in the National councils, and regarding as worthy of public confidence and official trust those only who cordially endorse the principles proposed in the series of resolutions, and which should characterize the administration of the government," was shortly after read by Postmaster-General Blair, he at once verbally tendered his resignation, which was not formally made out and accepted until to-day, as will be seen from the following correspondence.

It is understood that Gov. Dennison, of Ohio, will be his successor.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, September 23, 1864.

*Hon.* MONTGOMERY BLAIR—*My Dear Sir:* You have generously said to me, more than once, that whenever your resignation could be a relief to me, it was at my disposal.

The time has come.

You very well know that this proceeds from no dissatisfaction of mine with you, personally or officially. Your uniform kindness has been unsurpassed by that of any friend, and while it is true that the war does not so greatly add to the difficulties of your department as to those of some others, it is yet much to say, as I most truly can, that in the three years and a half during which you have administered the General Post Office, I remember no single complaint against you in connection therewith. Yours as ever,
A. LINCOLN.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Sept. 23, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: I have received your note of this date referring to my offers to resign whenever you should deem it advisable for the public interests that I should do so, and stating that in your judgment that time has now come.

I now, therefore, formally tender my resignation of the office of Postmaster-General.

I cannot take leave of you without renewing the expression of my gratitude for the uniform kindness which has marked your course towards

Yours, very truly, MONTGOMERY BLAIR.

To the PRESIDENT.

In a letter to a Washington paper, Mr. Blair avers:

"My offers to resign were not made because the principles adopted at Baltimore were objectionable to me, but on the contrary it was made in good faith, with a view to allay animosities among the friends of these principles and in order to secure their triumph."

Mr. Blair will by request of the President continue in office until his successor qualifies. Nothing has yet been heard from Gov. Dennison, who is canvassing in Ohio at points where there is no telegraphic connection. No doubt is entertained that he will accept the office.

### HOW A COPPERHEAD WAS CONVERTED.

A truly loyal friend from McMinn County was in the *Gazette* office yesterday, and tells a somewhat amusing story of how he saw a Copperhead converted from an enemy of the negro and negro soldiers, to the latter's most enthusiastic admirer and friend. The Copperhead and the Union man are both well known citizens of McMinn County, and when Wheeler approached took to the bushes together. While they were lying out, the two had a pretty stiff argument about negro soldiers, Abolitionism, etc., the Copperhead using all the slang usual among that breed of dogs. After remaining in the woods for a couple of days or more, the Copperhead was the first to hear a shout, and suggested to his companion that the "Yankees had come," and moved in the direction of the noise. His companion warned him that the noise might proceed from a lot of lousy rebels, and not Union troops. However, both approached cautiously, and at length saw what they really were. It was the Fourteenth Colored—a part of Gen. Steedman's command. The Union man when he saw the acre of negro soldiers, looking like a terrible black cloud, again warned his companion that they were nothing but "damned niggers," and intimated that they would not do to trust. The Copperhead stood and looked at them a moment and shouted out, "Bully for the niggers. I'm for them now and hereafter, for anybody and anything that will aid in driving away Wheeler and his band of infernal thieves."—*Chattanooga Gazette.*

# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

WE are now sending out bills to subscribers in arrears for the STANDARD. Those who receive them will greatly oblige us by promptly remitting their dues. The expenses of publication have increased so much of late, that every dollar due from subscribers is needed to avert serious embarrassment. And if our friends, in sending their own subscriptions, would at the same time send us each the name and pay of one or more new subscribers, they would thereby render the most effective service to the cause, and do much to encourage the hearts and strengthen the hands of its managers. We are sure that many of our readers might, by an earnest trial, double and even quadruple the circulation of this paper in their respective neighborhoods. Will they not try?

### PRESIDENTIAL PROSPEC[illegible]

THE rebellion is evidently in the artic[illegible] If not in it, at least very near it. Its str[illegible] stitution, consisting in hatred and ma[illegible] determination not to die—a well-recogn[illegible] of vitality—may linger it out a while [illegible] its hours are numbered. It cannot long [illegible] attacks of our generals in the front, a[illegible] their Copperhead allies in the rear. W[illegible] Sherman and Sheridan on the one hand, [illegible] lan and Vallandigham on the other, i[illegible] recovery is small indeed. The victory o[illegible] the Valley of the Shenandoah makes [illegible] Petersburg and Richmond not merely [illegible] time alone, but questions of compar[illegible] time. The Iron Shroud is closing fast [illegible] army, and he must either fight at a gre[illegible] tags, escape farther South, or surrende[illegible] city of Grant, seconded by the cordial s[illegible] government and the people, and the [illegible] desperate attempt at a diversion in th[illegible] Washington, are sure symptoms of ap[illegible] solution. Then the fall of Atlanta and the fall of gold are fatal symptoms in the diagnosis of such a distemper. Mobile must soon be in our hands, if it be not already—of which event the air is filled with rumors as we write. With Farragut's fleet within shelling distance, and with a population held back from surrender only by the bayonets of its garrison, the hour of possession must be at hand, if it have not already struck. All these successes the Copperhead party scarcely deny that they regard as reverses to themselves. Taken at unawares they admit the fact. Their identification with the rebels is so complete that the same hopes and fears are common to both. The victory of the Nation is as fatal to the success of McClellan as to that of Davis. The ruin of their country was the only ground of hope for the faction that calls itself the Democratic party. They will be destroyed by her success, and be trodden out of sight, if not out of existence, by the second Uprising of a Great People as they were by the first.

Nothing but the grossest folly on the part of his friends, of which we see no signs as yet, can prevent the triumphant reëlection of Mr. Lincoln next November. His generals in the field and his enemies at home have combined to make his success sure and certain. The successes of Sherman and Sheridan, under the direction of Grant, united to the blunders of the allies of the rebels at Chicago and since, are more than any common folly can counterbalance. Then the divisions in the Republican ranks have ceased, in the near presence of a common enemy. Mr. Wade and Mr. Winter Davis have waived their complaints for a season, if not forever, and go heartily into the conflict for Lincoln when the only alternative is the success of McClellan. Gen. Fremont, also, has withdrawn himself from the canvass, and his followers will unite themselves, undoubtedly, to the still swelling majority. Much is due to the Chicago Convention, and the whole course of its advocates, by speech and the press, for this state of things. Had the men there assembled had the sense to assume a virtue, if they had it not, and put themselves as decidedly on the side of the Nation and against the rebellion as they did when it first broke out, and placed an uncompromising War Democrat, like Gen. Dix, for instance, at their head, their chance of success would have been very fair. They might have obtained by guile, multitudes of dissatisfied Republicans who were willing to accept any man free from the blame they attributed to the Administration, who would be pledged directly to put down the Rebellion and, indirectly, as they would have inferred, to abolish slavery as a necessary means to this, or an inevitable consequence of it. The platform of the Chicago Convention, and the platform of Gen. McClellan, being only different formulas of surrender proffered to the Rebels on our part, made it clear to all men not ready for such an ignominy, that there was but one course left to them to pursue. The lines were more distinctly drawn at Chicago than even at Baltimore. The issue of Union with Universal Liberty on the one hand, or of Disunion on the other, with Slavery perpetuated within the domain of the victorious rebellion, was joined. There is no *tertium quid*, no way of escape from this predicament. The Copperheads happily have made that impossible.

Whether it be Mr. Lincoln's good conduct or good luck, he finds himself in a position such as he must have rather hoped for than expected six months ago. For he could hardly have anticipated that his adversaries would have shown their hands so openly at the very beginning of the game. His strength lies in the belief of the masses of the people that he is resolute to suppress the rebellion, at any cost, and that he sees that Emancipation is the only method by which this rebellion can be crushed, and any other rendered impossible at any future time. They have held to this opinion of him through much tribulation and in spite of many acts hard to reconcile with such a theory. And they will vote for him and carry him triumphantly through the coming contest, in this confidence. By this sign, and in this faith, they will conquer. Nothing can endanger such a result, but uncertain conduct on his part, shaking their faith in the fulness of his purpose to stand by and carry out his Proclamation policy. Of any wavering of confidence on this point which may have been felt in any quarter, it has rather been the doings and sayings of persons who were believed to speak and act his pleasure from which it proceeded, than from any direct action or expression of his own. We believe that he has never done or said anything that could be fairly construed into vacillation on this cardinal point of his Administration. And we think that his recent action in removing Mr. Blair from his Cabinet will confirm doubtful minds as to his inflexibility as to this matter. As long as the battle was raging and the issue of the fight uncertain, he has seemed not to care what were the opinions or utterances of his ministers. We do not defend this policy, which we think a very mistaken one. It has exposed him to the imputation of paltering in a double sense with the people on the matter of slavery, and trying to obtain pro-slavery support by what his Secretaries said, while he held fast to the good opinion of the Anti-Slavery public by force of what he had said himself. But that it was his policy is clear, and now he probably sees that it is time to change it. As the hour of victory approaches, and with it the duty of applying it to glorious and immortal purposes, he feels that he must be surrounded in his councils only by men who see eye to eye with him. And we doubt not that, before New Year's Day, we shall see a further lustration of his council-chamber, such as shall secure that energy of action which can only proceed from unanimity of opinion.

Still, the election of Mr. Lincoln will not be carried excepting by very hard fighting. There is no device under the sun that will not be resorted to to dazzle and blind men's eyes and give them false presentments. If bullying and bribing and lying can carry a man into the White House, Gen. McClellan has a good chance of going there. It will be the hardest contested, as it will be the most important, election ever held in this country. And all the more important, and the more fatal, in case of McClellan's election, because of our very victories. These will be virtually won over ourselves if the nominee and representative of Jefferson Davis have the direction of their results. They would be fatal successes, indeed, should they compel the enemy to accept the surrender of the sword of the Nation at the hand of its Commander-in-Chief, and to consent to dictate the terms of the peace which would satisfy him. A peace worse than any war, and sure to be changed into a war worse than any yet waged, could it be made. But we believe that such a peace is impossible. We know it will be, if the people are kept informed as to the real issues of the campaign, and awake to the awful responsibilities wrapped up in them.

### A GUARANTEE FOR SLAVERY.

THAT the rebellion is a crime, and its contrivers and supporters criminals, is a popular conviction which no amount of sophistry can prove to be a popular fallacy. Every thoughtful mind which starts with this proposition—in which lies the justification of the war on the part of the government—perceives that the only equivalent for the cost of victory will be punishment for the present, and security against a future like assault upon the peace and integrity of the nation. It may be doubted, however, how far the right of punishment will probably be exercised when opportunity comes. The conscience of society has long been growing averse to purely vindictive treatment of offenders, and now tends to substitute reformation for retaliation as the end of all its penal enactments. To take away the power, and, wherever possible, the disposition to do wrong, will gradually be recognized as the most effective punishment that can be inflicted. Such, too, has been the moderation, altogether unexampled in civil convulsions, which the people of the North have displayed toward their unspeakably barbarous enemies, that we have no reason to expect in the hour of success a severity which was dormant amid the exasperations of indecisive conflict. But there is another reason for clemency to be derived from an analysis of those who are in arms to destroy the republic. We readily acknowledge degrees in their guiltiness. Between Jefferson Davis and his most deluded followers, what an exculpatory gulf!—as between sin against the light and sin from the darkness of ignorance. Draco himself would have discriminated in such a case, nor doomed to the same death the artificer of evil and his craft-blinded instruments. It is highly problematical if the leaders of the rebellion be hung—Providence seeming to prefer to dispatch them in a natural way, to our own relief, at least, and perhaps in ample satisfaction of dramatic justice. It is quite likely that temporary disfranchisement, with the means of education, will be the heaviest punishment of the Confederate rank and file.

The uncertainty which attaches to the question of punishment ought not to invade our determination to prevent at all hazards a repetition of this iniquitous revolt. The war will properly terminate with the complete destruction of its causes, and so long as these exist, in whatever degree of vigor, the fairest complexion of peace will be but a leprous whiteness. Common prudence, a regard for the stability of democratic institutions, the admonition of a hundred battle-fields and of ten thousand desolate homes, compel us to make sure that the rebellion shall be succeeded by no twin—that, be the country's destiny what it may, of calm or turbulence, there shall be no uprising whose aim, inception, general conduct and inspiration shall be parallel to this with which we grapple now—that posterity shall not, to the reproach of our memory, experience identical sufferings from the inherited disease.

Gen. McClellan does not favor this view of the nation's duty to the hour and the future. He reminds the party which nominates him of a considerable omission in the Chicago platform, and hastens to pronounce the sentiment, "that when any one State is willing to return to the Union, it should be received at once, with a full guarantee of all its constitutional rights." This amiable reconstructionist does not inform us what are the "constitutional rights" of communities which have endeavored with all their might to overthrow the Constitution; yet he uses language of easy interpretation, meaning simply that the right to hold human beings in absolute bondage, the right to make a corrupting system the basis of political supremacy, and generally the right of a few despots to shape the career and guard the honor of a vast empire—in peace if suffered, with bloody hands if hindered—are to be sacredly reacknowledged and jealously upheld by a victorious, freedom-loving people. This is the only "guarantee" which McClellan demands—none for the States which humbled secession into suing to be restored to the Union—none for the millions who have offered their lives and their fortunes that the Union might not be dismembered—none for the descendants of the heroes and martyrs of to-day. Pardon him that he does not speak of punishment for disarmed and powerless rebels, but never forget whose interests he consults in his scheme of reparation, nor how he welcomes to his ancient dominion, without repentance and without conditions, the fiend whom we have scarce expelled with fire and slaughter.

*Extract from a Letter of a Surgeon in Gen. Burnside's Corps, near Petersburg, Va.*

"You would be much interested in some of our dusky brethren in this division. Their names are unique. I have met Henry Clay, Andrew Jackson, Jas. K. Polk, Irving Washington (not Washington Irving), and many other great men I do not just now recollect. They are very docile and obliging, as a rule, and officers have much less insolence and disobedience to contend against than among white troops. I recently saw that the 127th U. S. Colored Troops had just been filled, in Philadelphia. Think what an army we have of them already, and still the work goes on! I feel that they will prove, and are already, an inestimable help to us. I have but to look around me to see, in the 9th, 10th and 18th corps, miles of intrenchments and forts held by colored troops, which otherwise we could not keep a day. My favorable opinion of them gains strength steadily, by experience, and I look forward to the time, in peace, when the main body of our standing army shall be of the dusky hue. Gen. Burnside told Gen. Ferrero that he considered the colored troops to have done as well as the white troops. Gen. White, chief of staff to Gen. Burnside, told a surgeon of our troops that he never saw men fight better; and of five hundred and fifty-nine wounded colored men brought into the hospital, only forty-three had wounds received from behind. No better testimony could be desired."

☞ The above testimony is from an intelligent, conscientious, and thoroughly educated gentleman, and the full meaning of every word used may be relied upon.

A NEW LECTURER.—We copy the following paragraph from the Evening *Post*, gladly embracing the opportunity of adding thereto our own word of commendation of Mr. Ames:

Among the public lecturers announced for the ensuing season is Rev. C. G. Ames, of Albany. A correspondent, who is well acquainted with his qualifications in this department of our popular literature, says: "He has wit and brilliancy, and puts as much pithy common sense into his lectures as almost any one I ever heard." Mr. Ames is a man emphatically belonging to the age in which we live, recognizing the country's present need and capable of supplying it, so far as this can be done by the impressive statement of sound principles and the power of persuasively recommending just and wise rules of action. Such men the country requires at the present time in the desks of the public lecturers. To most audiences he will be a new lecturer.

A LADY of this city, now on a visit to Ocean County, N. J., speaks in a private letter of travelling in a stage coach with a drunken soldier, who boasted that he had pocketed nine hundred dollars bounty money, but that he did not mean to fight; he would "get out of it somehow." As might have been expected of *such* a soldier, he poured out a tirade of denunciation against "Old Abe," swearing, he had no chance for reëlection, and that "Little Mack" was the man to stop the war and save white folks from fighting for "niggers."

### THE ISSUE STILL MORE SIMPLIFIED.

WE print in another column the letters of Gen. Fremont and Gen. Cochrane in which they withdraw their names from the candidates for the Presidency, and put an official quietus to the party which nominated them. There can be as little doubt of the propriety of their action as of its prudence, and while they have saved themselves the mortification of a humiliating defeat, they have probably also retained a portion of the public esteem which they were fast alienating altogether. We are too content with the main object of these letters to be disposed to criticize severely their temper or language in other respects. We certainly think Gen. Fremont's summary of Mr. Lincoln's Administration so sweeping as to be unjust and untruthful, and a genuine desire to contribute to the success of the Union party might have dictated the omission of such damaging reflections upon a rival, yet the only popular, candidate. But since Gen. Fremont explicitly accepted his nomination because Mr. Lincoln was likely to be renominated—that is, gave to his procedure the color of personal hostility rather than patriotic duty—we do not see how he could well descend from this position without affirming anew the feelings which all men know to remain unchanged. Gen. Cochrane's letter strikes us as more dignified than his leader's, and has a truer ring, whatever may be thought of the metal. He frankly acknowledges the reliance of the Radical Democracy upon the Chicago conspirators, and shows that had the Copperhead party but masked its peaceful aims with a plausible profession of devotion to the war, the two Democracies could have coalesced for the defeat of Baltimore, and a share in the national plunder.

Simultaneously with this withdrawal (singularly enough, when we consider the relations of the two chief actors) came the resignation of the Postmaster-General. It is indeed odd that the same cause should be promoted by the retiring opposition of two such antagonists as Messrs. Blair and Fremont. The conduct of the former is not destitute of manly frankness, and entitles him to some respect at the hands of those not hitherto inclined to yield it. His example deserves to be studied by others of the Cabinet—at least if any remain who were liable to the censure of the Baltimore Convention.

The cheering deduction from these two important events is, that the question in debate at the coming election is to be so narrowed that a single line will divide the people, and that, while no man can remain a neutral, the sides from which he must choose are the partizans and the opponents of human slavery. No chicanery will avail. Shall the institution live or shall it perish?—is the simple interrogatory of the November polls. The loyal party is now a unit, made so by the disappearance of faction on the one hand, and by a favorable change in the Administration on the other. The end is certain, if we continue vigilant, active, diffusing light, exposing the true character of the enemies of free institutions, and mindful of the vast importance of the national decision by ballot. Friends, the rebellion has survived thus long because it had a last hope in its Northern abettors. Triumph over these, and the downfall of bloody treason is certain to be speedy.

### UNION FOR THE UNION AND LIBERTY.

*To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

FOR a few months past, there has been a considerable division of opinion, and, perhaps, some alienation of feeling, among us, over the prospective reëlection of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency; and to all true anti-slavery men, this has been a matter of regret and grief—not the difference of opinion, however, so much as the alienation of feeling. Those who have labored together so long in a common cause—the greatest philanthropy of the age—and together shared the scorn and persecution, and various losses and burdens, attendant upon their fidelity, ought to have learned to differ in judgment and methods, without reviling, if not without reproving, each other. No doubt they have generally differed honestly, and for reasons sufficiently sound and good to themselves. I think that one class of us has erred in too much eulogy of Mr. Lincoln, and the other in too sweeping denunciation of him. He is not, as I can see, deserving of such treatment from either class; being, in my judgment, neither a very able and just man, nor a very weak and unjust man. Through the war, he has leaned quite as much to Slavery as to Liberty; and has been more tolerant of pro-slavery Generals and other officials, than of those who were anti-slavery. His treatment of McClellan was much more sympathetic and lenient than his treatment of Fremont; and to-day he, and the country, are suffering some very evil consequences of his course. McClellan and his copperhead friends hate him without a cause, and ungratefully; and Fremont and his friends, oppose him, at least, with a just cause. So it generally happens with men who are so fearful of offending Satan that they dare not earnestly and faithfully serve the Lord. And if Mr. Lincoln was fast losing friends and his chance for reëlection before the fall of Atlanta, he owed it mainly to himself and to his tame and timid course with the rebels and their Northern sympathizers—and to his shameful injustice, or lack of justice, to the colored soldiers.

It is not at all singular that Fremont and his friends should become convinced that there was little prospect of national salvation under such a President, or that they should put forth vigorous exertions to supersede him by Dix or Butler, or some other one, who could unite the discordant elements of the Union party. And the condemnation that has been meted out to Fremont for his *schismatic* movement, has been very much like that which has generally been heaped upon us anti-slavery people, in past times, for the same offense. Much of it, I think, has been unjust, though I always thought that the Cleveland Convention and the nomination of a candidate were blunders; just as I thought of the Baltimore Convention, so *early;* and its nomination.

But now, all these things are in the past; and let them be so. Gen. Sherman has brought us to a new state of things, and Mr. Lincoln's prospects have brightened. It is too late now to talk of another candidate; and it looks as though, with him, the Union and Liberty can be saved; peace soon be secured by a suppression of the rebellion; and the nation enter upon a new and hitherto unknown career of prosperity and progress. Seymour and his party—McClellan the mere tool—might bring us as speedily out of the war; but it would be with Liberty and Christianity under foot. Nor would their peace stay long with us. A return to the war would soon follow—unless, indeed, Jeff. Davis should be proffered the Premiership, and Slavery be enthroned again as King. And then an age of martyrdom of all that love liberty might follow; and a long and dismal night of barbarism settle down upon the nation.

No tongue or pen can adequately describe the horrors of a reign of Seymour and his "friends." Hence, Mr. Lincoln must now be rallied around, by all the friends of the country and of Man, as the only Representative of Christian civilization that can possibly be elected to the Presidency. He has not been, I think, the first choice of the anti-slavery men proper, or the anti-slavery Republicans. But he is now; and because the only available one, and standing on the right platform. Those of our fraternity who have opposed him, have not opposed him in the interest of the rebellion or of Copperheadism, but in the interest of Liberty, Humanity and Peace; and what *they* have said against him gives no comfort to the enemy. But they are not governed by personal feelings, either of jealousy, ambition, or enmity of any kind; and their love of country and the republic induces them now to give their support even to one who may never be able to forgive them their efforts to put a more positive and radical man in his place. No matter for that. They will not jeopardize the nation and liberty by going against him now; but will go for him for the Nation's sake. They regard him as even a much abler man than McClellan; and a man of the loftiest patriotism and justice in the comparison. They have hitherto only condemned him measuring him by the anti-slavery and Christian standards; but their criticism is probably now over, for the present, there is such an enemy to God and human rights in the field against him. Besides, their criticism has not been in vain—nor their Baltimore Convention. Mr. Lincoln has proved himself to be no contemner of just criticism, in the interest of Humanity, and he has been constantly going up higher, and seems now worthy of support in the absence of a great and positive leader of liberty, such as we should all like to see.

I hope that now—if the issue has really come between Lincoln and McClellan—that Mr. Phillips will come out magnanimously, and gloriously, as only he can, and give him his earnest and [illegible] support. He has [illegible] much by his antagonistic position—his position of independent and faithful criticism—to create a right public sentiment which culminated in the platform on which Mr. Lincoln now stands—the best political platform ever laid down before. Mr. Phillips, then, I think, [illegible] not hesitate to put under foot the pride of consistency—often a foolish pride—and come to his country's rescue by the side of the only man who, it would seem, can now save us from the rule of Seymour, Fernando Wood, and their mobocratic "friends" of the cities, if he can consistently do so. And Mr. Fremont, I hope, will be equally magnanimous and patriotic. It seems to me it would be grand to see these men, and their many friends, now waiving their personal preferences which were just, but which cannot be gratified; and going for "Union and Liberty, one and inseparable," with the only party at present promising salvation to the country. They have done what they could to bring the government on to the highest ground of republicanism and Justice, under some thorough and uncompromising leader; and having failed in that, is it not the next thing in him to do, to support Mr. Lincoln—that is, so far as they act politically at all. And to support morally at any rate.

But let not Abolitionists be estranged from each other in feeling, however they may differ in judgment [illegible] bear aloft their banner of universal Emancipation [illegible] unity of spirit and in their old time enthusiasm [illegible] haps thus they may soon rejoice together in one grand Jubilee under Lincoln.

### POLITICAL.

Francis B. Cutting, of this city, an eminent lawyer and formerly a Democratic member of Congress, finding his name in the list of Vice-Presidents of the late McClellan ratification meeting, published a card saying that his name was thus used without his consent, and avowing his intention to vote for Lincoln.

"Ben. Wade," who tried his best to prevent the nomination of Lincoln and to compel him to withdraw after he was nominated, is now making speeches for him, or rather for the cause he represents, in Western Pennsylvania. He is convinced that this is the only way to save the country from the worst of all calamities, the rule of the Copperheads.

The Cumberland (Md.) *Union* nominates for the next Governor of that regenerate State, Judge Hugh L. Bond, of Baltimore. Judge Bond is well-known for his active share in the reclamation of Maryland to freedom, and is justly characterized by the same journal as "a liberal, straightforward, progressive gentleman, loyal in every thought and inspiration, with a record unimpeachable, judgment unclouded by the fogs of past and exploded opinions, a will and purpose unflinching and fearless."

The Syracuse *Journal* tells the following:

"On Saturday last, while a train on the Old Road was stopping at Cayuga Bridge for refreshments, a party of blatant McClellanites went through the cars after a 'straw.' Meeting an old gentleman, he was asked his preference for President. He named Lincoln. 'But,' said he, 'I have five nephews in the army, who each prefer McClellan.' Applause from the corps followed, when one of them congratulated him upon the choice of his nephews, and said, 'Allow me to inquire under what General they are making targets of themselves?' Imagine their surprise when the old gentleman answered, '*Gen. Robert E. Lee!*'"

*Die Neue Zeit*, a German paper of St. Louis, one of the earliest and most ardent supporters of Gen. Fremont, announces his withdrawal without consulting his Missouri friends—what others "more numerous and faithful" than they?—in terms of undisguised disappointment and chagrin. "We have not abandoned him," it says, "but he has us." But "the Radical Democratic party will persist in spite of Fremont's withdrawal; being grounded not on persons but on principles. . . We do not yet despair of securing a new radical candidate for the Presidency who will enter the lists against McClellan and Lincoln, for whom so many declare under the impression that they have no other candidate."

The history of the Chicago *platform*, says the *Tribune*, was concocted by rebels in Richmond—was approved by our enemies in England—was agreed to by disloyal politicians of the North in a conference with rebels at Niagara Falls—and was taken to Chicago and adopted by a Convention expressly chosen to adopt it. The Kentucky patriot and orator, the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, was a witness to the making of this platform in part—the Niagara Falls part of it. He said in a speech at Lexington recently:

"It so happened that I was at Niagara at the time: it happened that I saw the gentlemen there who were making these terms. I was satisfied they were there for devilment, and not for good. The talk of peace was mere bosh. They didn't want to make peace with us; they wanted peace for their Confederacy. It was that portion of the Democratic party fighting us in the field, and the other portion supporting them in the [illegible] who were negotiating terms of cooperation. The one half, I say, are fighting us at the South, and the other half forming conspiracies and arming their secret societies in the North; and they of the North send commissioners to the Clifton House in Canada and they of the South already have their commissioners there. They met and agreed upon a common platform, which was taken to Chicago and ratified by the Convention."

A late arrival from Europe brings a new proof that McClellan was put in nomination in behalf of the rebellion. The drooping Confederate Loan sprang up [illegible] per cent. *on the prospect* of his being the candidate at Chicago! What a traitorous understanding, says the *Tribune*, exists between our enemies in Europe and our enemies at home, and how right on the surface lie the coarse black ropes, not threads, of the conspiracy which prepared the Chicago Convention and shaped its action! Here is what the London *Times* says:

"The Confederate Loan is now quoted at 7[illegible], showing a rise of 3 per cent. since Monday. This was partly in consequence of the receipt of private telegrams from New York, to the effect that the increasing prospect of an armistice had caused gold to decline to 246, and that Gen. McClellan was certain to receive the nomination of the Chicago Convention on the [illegible] August. Notwithstanding the denunciations against those who ventured to think this loan might ultimately not prove a ruinous investment, and would in any case be safer than Federal bonds, the original subscribers to it are at this moment in a better position than they would have been if they had placed their money in Consols."

How patly the annexed analytical criticism from the (N. Y.) *Daily News*, upon the Governor of Georgia, applies to the conduct of the rebel States as a body. The Governor, be it premised, having experienced the incompetency of the Confederate government to protect the outlying member whose chief magistrate he is, is reported to be making overtures of peace and return to Gen. Sherman:

"Gov. Browne, of Georgia, is a man of honesty. Narrow, however, in his views, he is naturally disposed to be crotchety. Imperious of will, he is inclined to assert what he conceives to be the rights of his position with exacting intolerance. A State rights man of the most rigid sect, one might conclude from these considerations that he would be found, as a representative of a sovereignty in an association of independent States, somewhat impracticable. Such has proved to be the case. His proud temper chafes under the leadership of a central executive. *Working expediencies* exasperate his crotchety judgment as harness does the shoulders of an unbroken horse. As liberty is mistaken by the unenlightened for license, *so are the sovereign rights of his State mistaken by Gov. Browne for an independence as unrestrained as that of the untutored savage.* In this way, and to this extent, has that honest believer in the sovereignty of Georgia drifted into a temper more or less impracticable. Offense to his extreme views he has allowed to deepen into discontent; and that discontent he has permitted to grow into opposition; until, finally, he, a well-meaner, and we believe an honest man, has exhibited in his relations to the government at Richmond, a spirit of hostility to the plain necessities of public faith."

HARPER'S WEEKLY for Oct. 1st contains a two-paged illustration of "Rally round the Flag, boys!" The design represents Mr. Lincoln upholding the banner of the republic for the reverence of its defenders on land and main, and is remarkably spirited and life-like. Of the many woodcuts which have appeared in that journal in aid of the national sentiment, few have been so touching as this; it ought to be hung up in sight of every peace craven and domestic traitor in the land.

PORTRAIT OF GEN. SHERMAN.—Derby and Miller have just published a fine likeness of Maj.-Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, the hero of Atlanta, engraved by A. H. Ritchie, from a photograph by Anthony. It is pronounced a fine likeness by the General's friends, and if they are right, he certainly looks the hero that he is.

### Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26th, 1864.

MR. BLAIR is out of the Cabinet—that is enough of good news to satisfy every fair-minded Radical for one week! Is it not? I do not say it in an offensive sense (offensive to Mr. Blair), for I hold that henceforth there should be no recurrence to old quarrels or differences. Mr. Blair starts anew, and if he supports the Baltimore platform and its candidates, he is to be reckoned as good as any other member of the party. But after his singular speeches, his opposition to Mr. Chase, and the resignation of Mr. Chase, it was impossible for him to remain in the Cabinet during the Presidential canvass. He has thrown away his public life—to save it, for I have no doubt that both Mr. Chase and Mr. Blair will occupy important positions under Mr. Lincoln one year from to-day. It has been stated by one or two of Mr. Chase's intimate friends that if Mr. Lincoln is reëlected, he will next March again offer Mr. Chase the Treasury portfolio. It is more probable that he will go abroad.

Mr. Chase had a very satisfactory interview with the President two weeks ago, and I believe that they are very friendly to each other. Mr. Chase has gone to Ohio to take the stump till November. He certainly could not act more generously towards his old chief. Mr. Lincoln is not the man to forget such conduct.

Among the rumors of the hour is one that Mr. Lincoln was *driven* to notify Mr. Blair that his resignation would be acceptable, by prominent Radicals. This is not true. The act is Mr. Lincoln's own, and it is probable that he has intended to part with the Postmaster-General since the Baltimore platform was sent to him, and has been waiting for a favorable opportunity. Mr. Blair goes into private life, and is poorer than when he entered the Cabinet. This can be said in his praise. The rebels burned down his country house last July, and the rebellion has cost him more than it has his associates, unless Mr. Stanton be an exception. Before Mr. Stanton entered the Cabinet his professional income could not have been less than $20,000 a year. Now it is but $8,000. No other member of the Cabinet earned professionally more than his present salary. The President doubtless was content with a professional income much less than $8,000 per annum before he left Springfield for Washington. Mr. Blair was estimated in this vicinity a good lawyer, but not above second-rate, and the leap from his little office into the Cabinet must have been somewhat bewildering. The *quidnuncs* already speculate upon Mr. Blair's chances next March, and it seems to be admitted on all hands that we have not seen the last of him in connection with Mr. Lincoln. As Reverdy Johnson has proved false, the Ex-Posmaster cannot do better than to take the stump in Maryland. If he has not influence with Conservatives there, where has he any?

Some people here are curious to learn where Gen. Frank Blair stands on the Presidential question. He used to be a very ardent friend of Gen. McClellan's, and when in Congress fought his battles with Copperhead allies. However, this may have been the result of his anomalous position, and he doubtless will cast his vote for Mr. Lincoln. No one would expect him to take an active part in politics while he has an important command in the army.

Leading Republicans here are very confident of Mr. Lincoln's reëlection, and the Campaign Committee, which has its headquarters in the Senate wing of the Capitol, is in constant receipt of advices from all the loyal States. In this respect it is better able to judge of the condition of the canvass than any local committee. New England will give Mr. Lincoln an immense majority. New York and Pennsylvania are now sure for him—I mean of course with the hard work done that everybody expects will be done by his friends. A prominent Democrat, who recently visited Washington, admitted that since Early got so badly whipped in the Shenandoah valley, McClellan's chances had all vanished. "The only hope," said he, "is that the Administration or Gen. Grant will commit a blunder somewhere."

"Isn't that a humiliating confession?" he was asked. "That's just as you view it. *I* think not. *You* think it is. I will not deny the truth, however. If we win victories, Lincoln wins. The reason is plain enough. The people had got tired of *unsuccessful* war. You can't give them enough of war which is successful. They will go on till the South is a desert. But so long as the war seemed to be without success, the people talked of trying a new Administration, and even of an unsatisfactory peace."

Indisputably there was a grain of truth in what he said.

Since the canvass has become spirited I hear nothing of Republican "conservatism." The so-called Conservatives have all gone over to McClellan. When will our leaders learn wisdom? The pro slavery supporters of the Administration (for at one time there were such men) have all deserted Mr. Lincoln. Gov. Gamble, Gov. Bradford, Reverdy Johnson, and other prominent Conservatives, have gone over to the enemy together. Where is Kentucky to-day? Where Missouri? Green Clay Smith says the Republicans in Kentucky will make a vigorous fight. Still everybody knows it will vote for McClellan. If slavery had been destroyed, root and branch, two years ago, then Mr. Lincoln would carry the State in November. We all "live and learn," I suppose, and bygones shall be bygones. We are all "Radicals," just at present, and I have no reason to doubt that Mr. Lincoln is just as thorough in his anti-slavery connections to-day as any of the Republican politicians. He is regaining his waning popularity with great rapidity. The withdrawal of Fremont helps him a little, but the withdrawal of Blair is worth a hundred thousand votes to him. It is not antipathy to Blair, but since the President parted with Mr. Chase two-thirds of the Republican party have felt that equity demanded the removal of his personal enemy from the Cabinet. There is a fair wind now, and a prospect that the good ship of State will come safely into port.

AVON.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for October contains prose articles by Higginson, Miss Prescott, Wasson, Mrs. Stowe, Thoreau and others, with poems by Boker, Trowbridge and Parsons. The political paper entitled "Democracy and the Secession War" is noticeable for the unusual but proper view which it takes of the nature of the government under which we live. Two of its positions will afford a taste of its quality:

"Our polity is not a Democratic polity. It was never meant that it should be a Democratic polity. Judging from the history of the doings of the National Convention which made the Federal Constitution, and of the State Conventions which ratified it, we should be justified in saying, that the chief object of 'the fathers' was to prevent the existence of a Democracy in America."

"These men agreed in nothing but this, that the Federal Constitution was but a temporary contrivance, and destined to last only until one extreme party or the other should succeed in overthrowing it, and substituting for it a polity in which either liberty or power should embody a complete triumph. Probably not one of their number ever dreamed that it would have seventy-two years of unbroken existence, or that the first serious attack made on it would proceed from the quarter whence that attack was destined to come."

The price of the *Atlantic* has been raised to $4.00 per annum.

ACADEMY OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.—We call the attention of our readers in this city to the advertisement in another column of Mrs. Plumb's Academy of Physical Culture, at 59 West Fourteenth street, which, it will be seen, will open for the season on the 4th of October. The system of Light and Vocal Gymnastics, as taught by her is invaluable alike in a sanitary and social point of view, as we can testify from personal experience.

OFFICE REMOVALS.—The members and friends of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and subscribers to the STANDARD, will do well to notice particularly the advertisement on our 3d page under the head of Office Removals.

*Collections by William Wells Brown.*

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|---|---|---|
| Winterport, | Me. | $3 24 |
| Stockton, | " | 2 98 |
| Bucksport, | " | 2 76 |
| Bangor, | " | 6 28 |
| Belfast, | " | 3 16 |
| Dexter, | " | 3 40 |
| Dover, | " | 2 36 |
| Newport, | " | 3 18 |
| Carina, | " | 2 21 |
| Taunton, | Mass. | 2 68 |
| Norton, | " | 1 00 |
| Mansfield, | " | 2 34 |
| E. Medway, | " | 4 16 |
| Fairhaven, | " | 2 19 |
| Easton, | " | 1 79 |
| Roynham, | " | 3 25 |

### Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, Sept. 26th, 1864.

THE [London] *Star* of Aug. 31st brings us an anonymous address, headed—"For Peace in America"—and purporting to be from "The People of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland to the People of the United States." This document, written in the interest of the rebellion, and said to be in extensive circulation for the purpose of obtaining English signatures, makes, in moderate and plausible language, certain statements which the leaders of the rebellion desire to have accepted as truth by the British nation. For the purpose of showing that we of the North ought at once to discontinue the war, the address declares or assumes the following positions, namely:

That there is a complete unity of the Southern people in the maintenance of the war:

That this unity is "in defence of their *rights*":

That the restoration of the Union is apparently more remote than ever:

That it is impossible to subdue the South:

That it is impossible to restore the [old] Union:

That, therefore, we [the North and the South] should now 'take counsel together on the best means of restoring peace";

That the North has lost, in this struggle, her freedom of speech and of the press, and the inestimable right of *habeas corpus*:

That the Southern people are only following the precept and example of our and their fathers, when they withdrew their allegiance from the mother country, and asserted their right to establish a government of their own: and finally

That our national Declaration of Independence asserts the correctness of the Southern position as self-evident.

Though the habitual readers of the STANDARD need no word of answer to such statements as these, it may be worth while to append to them the brief counter-statements which truth and justice dictate, namely:

1. *We* know very well that there is *not* such unity as is claimed above among the whole of the Southern people, even putting out of the question the unanimous dissent of that portion of them (four million in number) whose existence the writer of the address completely ignores. But no person can possibly know that there *is* such unity, until that administration of Lynch law, or mob violence, shall have ceased, which, throughout the South, for years past, has assailed the liberty or life of every open friend of Abolitionism or Unionism. Under the present rule of the South, dissent is not permitted to her people.

2. Such unity as does exist among the Southern people is in defence, not of "their rights," but of their wrongs; of their infamous claim to hold one class of human beings as slaves, and to abridge even the rights of freemen to the extent of making that claim effective.

3. The restoration of the Union by the utter overthrow of the rebel power is apparently *nearer* than ever.

4. The rebellion is more than three-quarters subdued already. It is *not* impossible to subdue it.

5. Rejoicing to believe that it *is* now impossible to restore that hollow and deceptive Union which attempted to combine slavery with free government, we propose now to found a perfect and permanent Union by the exclusion of slavery, and the maintenance of human rights in place of it.

6. Considering that the rebels not only began the war, but began it by fraud and violence in maintenance of an unjust claim, the advice given in the address that we (North and South) should "take counsel together on the best means of restoring peace" is like similar advice given by a stout traveller to one whom he meets struggling with a highwayman.

7. The North has not lost, nor is she in danger of losing, either of the three things alleged. That we retain freedom of speech and of the press to the amplest extent, our pulpits, streets, public halls and newspapers prove; and we are constantly exercising the right of *habeas corpus*, our officers sometimes taking hundreds and thousands at once from their unjustifiable detention in the rebel armies.

8. The movement called Secession reverses instead of parallelling the position described in our Declaration of Independence, and carried out in our revolutionary war. Our fathers pursued ends not only just and right in themselves, but allowed to be so at the time by disinterested observers, and now esteemed so by the whole world. The rebel leaders not only broke their contract under false pretences, and used all sorts of force and fraud to hurry the people of the Southern States into the revolt which has proved so fatal to them, but commenced their warfare against their legitimate government by theft, perjury, robbery and murder, and all for the infamous purpose of maintaining and extending the anti-Democratic and anti-Christian system of slavery.

An excellent editorial article in the *Star* exposes the deceptive character of this "Peace" document, unveils the baseness of Vallandigham and Fernando Wood, in whose interest it was concocted, and points out to Englishmen the folly and futility of movements against the interests of freedom in America.

The real core of the controversy between North and South was well stated by a laboring Englishman, who rose after the harangue of a secessionist in Leeds, not long since, and said—"I have no doubt that the Southerners are plucky fellows, nor that they are fighting for their liberty; but the fault I find is, *they are not willing to share it*. When they are willing to give to their laboring people the liberty they wish for themselves, they may justly come here and ask us laboring people for our sympathy—not before." Then he sat down, amid the hearty applause which he deserved.

I take this anecdote from the excellent and timely little book lately published in England by Rev. Moncure D. Conway, called "Testimonies concerning Slavery." No one is better qualified to bear witness upon that subject than Mr. Conway. He has had intimate and thorough acquaintance with both sides of the great question, and has given, in many ways, the most ample proofs of his hearty devotion to the interests of freedom. Having a perfect knowledge alike of the false pretences of slaveholders and the wiles of secessionists, his testimony upon these points, as well as upon the facts of slavery, is most opportune in England, where the last great struggle to uphold the credit of the rebels is now in progress.

Mr. Conway's book is an admirable one. It states briefly and forcibly the domestic, social, religious, educational and political workings of the slave system, sketches the comparative treatment of negroes in the North and in the South, and describes the probabilities (nearly amounting to certainty) of Northern success in the pending struggle; and it is written with a moderation of tone which will greatly surprise those who know its author only by descriptions of him as eminently extravagant and erratic. The few errors of the work, confined to a department in which Mr. Conway has had least opportunities for observation, do not impeach his correctness in other points, nor interfere in the least with his general conclusions. No book upon the subject in England is better fitted than this to diffuse light and correct false impressions.

Since I have mentioned the existence of errors in Mr. Conway's book, I ought further to say that these respect only the extent to which the rights of colored people are and have been conceded to them in New England. Mr. Conway fell naturally and unavoidably into these errors, drawing inferences as to the population generally from the class with which he was most intimate during the few years of his residence at the North. When he says that the Unitarian body "should be credited for a singular fidelity in its opposition to slavery"—and that, in Massachusetts, "the negroes attend the schools and colleges with whites, vote, and have every social privilege that, as in the case of whites, their talents or attainments naturally reach"—he shows that he has incautiously taken the favorable cases which have come to his knowledge as the general rule.

We have not reached the point, even in Massachusetts, of a general attendance of blacks with whites at educational institutions, any more than in churches and theatres. At the free primary and grammar schools such attendance is now allowed; but in the majority of private schools, colleges and theological seminaries, it would be unhesitatingly refused. The cases of refusal at such institutions not only greatly outnumber the cases of admission, but are so well understood to represent the general rule that there is no inducement for colored people either to apply for admission there or to *make preparation* for it. This accounts for the ignorance which is sometimes imputed as a fault to the colored people of the North. As to their having "every social privilege," it is unfortunately true that even now, not one master mechanic in twenty will take a colored boy as apprentice or a colored man as journeyman; of the theatres and places of amusement, nineteen in twenty exile this class to the furthest and poorest seats; and of the churches, nineteen in twenty limit them to the furthest and poorest pews, following the rule adopted by Park St. Church in Boston in 1830, by which a colored man who had bought a pew there was forbidden to occupy it.

In the case of Park St. Church (the importance of which, as an eminent centre of orthodox piety, and the fact that the rule still holds there, make it worthy of special notice), a constable was employed by the church committee forcibly to prevent the colored man from entering his own pew. But the majority of cases in New England, in which black men attempted to attain such "social privileges" as the whites enjoy, have been met and put down in a less regular and formal manner. Here is a case in point, dating the same year and month as the letter of the "Prudential Committee" of Park St. Church to the colored owner of one of its pews.

Looking over some old papers the other day, I casually found a letter from my brother then resident in our native place, Newburyport, Massachusetts. The colored people of that place lived by themselves in a not very attractive locality in the outskirts of the town, called by the white people "Guinea." If any one asks why they continued to live there, instead of buying or building in more desirable places, the letter I have spoken of may suggest the true answer.

It is dated March 1st, 1830, and describes, among other things, an alarm of fire in the evening, which interrupted the writer's attendance at a Lyceum lecture. After saying that the engines went in the direction of the alarm but came back, declaring that they could find no fire, the letter proceeds—"It was generally agreed by everybody that it was a false alarm. However, the next day we found it was a house in Kent St., belonging to Cambridge, the Barber. It seems that he bought the house a month or two since, and the neighbors, not liking to have a nigger among them, threatened to burn it if he moved in. He says it was set on fire, I believe."—The letter then passes to other local news. I never heard any more of the case, but it was a matter of course that the black man in question should be regarded as a disturber of the public peace, and the person who prevented his intrusion, as a venial offender, if not a public benefactor.

Things are not so bad as that now. We have made much progress, and are making more. But if any person thinks that these incidents of Northern injustice to the negro bear in favor of the South, he should remember that there, not merely the negro's house, but himself, is occasionly burned to ashes; that there, not merely Church customs but State laws stamp his class with degradation; that there, not merely clandestine injury under cover of darkness, but public insult and outrage from all classes work their will upon him; that there, not merely is social equality denied him, but the rich and respectable oppressor can openly take from him his earnings, his wife and his daughter, and be upheld by the representatives of law and gospel in doing so. If the North merits chastisement with whips, the South merits it with scorpions.

Since I last wrote you, we have had in Boston a profuse breaking-out of the McClellan fever. The symptoms are prominent and decided, and the eruption bids fair to remain out for two months to come. The sufferers may be light-headed most of that time, but the disease will soon run its course and disappear.

NORTH.

### *LETTERS FROM GENERALS FREMONT AND COCHRANE.*

### THEY WITHDRAW FROM THE PRESIDENTIAL CONTEST.

THE following correspondence was published in Boston on the 22d of September:

BOSTON, Sept. 9, 1864.

*Maj.-Gen.* JOHN C. FREMONT, *Nahant.*

GENERAL: In the present state of public affairs, and especially since the avowal at Chicago of sentiments and purposes which all good citizens must regard as cowardly and treasonable, we are desirous of hearing your views on the present canvass and its consequences, and we tender you, therefore, an invitation to address your fellow-citizens, in Faneuil Hall, at such time as is convenient to yourself. Respectfully yours,

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|---|---|
| GEORGE L. STEARNS, | F. W. BIRD, |
| S. B. URBINO, | SAM. G. HOWE, |
| JAMES M. STONE, | ELIZUR WRIGHT. |

NAHANT, Mass., 17th September, 1864.

GENTLEMEN: I thank you for your letter of the 9th, inviting me to speak at Faneuil Hall upon the consequences involved in the approaching Presidential election, and more particularly in respect to the policy announced at Chicago. It would give me pleasure to do so, but I think that anything I have to say now may very well be put in the briefer limits of a letter.

I am so fully impressed with the importance of these consequences that, in view of the misfortunes to which the triumph of the policy announced at Chicago would expose the country, I feel it my duty to make one step more in the direction indicated by my letter of the 25th of August, and withdraw my name from the list of candidates.

The Presidential question has, in effect, been entered upon in such a way that the Union of the Republican party has become a paramount necessity. The policy of the Democratic party signifies either separation or reëstablishment with slavery. The Chicago platform is simply separation. Gen. McClellan's letter of acceptance is reëstablishment with slavery. The Republican candidate is, on the contrary, pledged to the reëstablishment of the Union without slavery; and, however hesitating his policy may be, the pressure of his party will, we may hope, force him to it. Between these issues I think that no man of the liberal party can remain in doubt, and I believe I am consistent with my antecedents and my principles in withdrawing; not to aid in the triumph of Mr. Lincoln, but to do my part towards preventing the election of the Democratic candidate. In respect to Mr. Lincoln, I continue to hold exactly the sentiments contained in my letter of acceptance. I consider that his Administration has been politically, militarily, and financially a failure, and that its necessary continuance is a cause of regret for the country.

There never was a grander unanimity in a country than was exhibited here at the fall of Sumter, and the South was powerless in the face of it. But Mr. Lincoln completely paralyzed this generous feeling. He destroyed the strength of the position, and divided the North, when he declared to the South that slavery should be protected. He has built up for the South a strength which otherwise they could never have attained, and this has given them an advocate on the Chicago platform. The Cleveland Convention was to have been the open avowal of that condemnation which men had been freely expressing to each other for the last two years, and which had been made fully known to the President. But, in the uncertain condition of affairs, leading men were not found willing to make public a dissatisfaction and condemnation which would have rendered Mr. Lincoln's renomination impossible, and their continued silence and support established for him a character among the people which leaves now no choice. United, the Republican party is reasonably sure of success; divided, the result of the Presidential election is, at the least, doubtful.

I am, gentlemen, very truly yours,

J. C. FREMONT.

To Messrs. GEORGE L. STEARNS, and others, a Committee, etc.

The fact of the withdrawal is thus communicated to the Cleveland National Committee:

NAHANT, Sept. 17, 1864.

GENTLEMEN: I enclose you my letter of reply to an invitation from some of my Republican friends to meet them at Faneuil Hall. In declining their invitation I have informed them of my intention to stand aside from the Presidential canvass, and assigned my reasons for doing so. To avoid repetition, I enclose you this letter, in communicating to you now officially my desire to withdraw my name from the list of Presidential candidates. In this decision I have the approval of such of our friends as I have been able to consult. Urged by the near approach of the election, I have thought it not prudent to incur the longer delay of consulting others, but I have reason to believe that they will unite with me fully upon the propriety of the step I have taken. But in withdrawing from the post of candidates, I do not in any way intend to withdraw from my share in the labor which we jointly undertook to secure the triumph of the ideas represented by the Radical Democracy. Whatever the next Administration may be, we owe it to ourselves to form a phalanx, compact and capable by its thorough unity of exercising a pressure strong enough to assure the eventual success of the principles for which we have been contending—the reëstablishment of the Union, the abolition of slavery, and practical respect for liberty. In the present composition of parties it is indispensable that earnest men should devote themselves to watching the progress and insuring the success of these issues, regardless of men or of parties.

Mr. Lincoln says that he does not lead, but that he follows the will of the people. It remains then for the people in the event of his reëlection, vigilantly to require this following at his hands, and further, to require that in the execution of his duties he keep scrupulously within the Constitution and the laws. To make him recognize that he holds his place and his power not as belonging to himself, to be used at his pleasure, but as a really faithful servant of the people—that is the important duty which we have now to perform. Although as representatives of the Cleveland movement we surrender our functions, the duty of watching party politics in the interest of liberty and the Constitution remains. What steps are necessary in the performance of that duty must be the subject for future consultation.

I am, gentlemen, respectfully and truly yours.

J. C. FREMONT.

Messrs. WORTHINGTON G. SNETHEN and others, a Committee, etc.

Gen. Cochrane follows the example of his principal, a little more at length:

*To the War Democrats of the United States:*

A Convention of men of various political tenets assembled at Cleveland on the 31st day of May last, for the purpose of discharging from the suppression of the rebellion the infraction of the rights of both individuals and States which attended it. The presence of a large number of War Democrats unexpectedly contributed to my nomination by the Convention for the Vice-Presidency, preceded by that of John C. Fremont for President.

The principles which dictated my acceptance of the nomination approved themselves at the time to very general regard, and have since, in my opinion, lost none of their original virtue or vigor. Their practical assertion was required, it was thought, by the success with which personal liberty had been assailed, and the extremities to which constitutional freedom had been reduced. Not the least inducement, however, was the consideration that the redress of grievances in the manner proposed could not interrupt, but would entirely consort with, a vigorous prosecution of the war. It certainly was not contemplated that the success of the candidates should in any degree impair or endanger that most important part of the platform which resolved "that the rebellion must be suppressed by force of arms and without compromise."

Instead of the Democratic party, as was then hoped and expected, coöperating at this point, they flouted the war at Chicago, and pronounced for unconditional peace. When, "to exhaust the resources of statesmanship," and to allow "the spirit of conciliation and compromise to prevail," Gen. McClellan virtually asserts that there should be "a cessation of hostilities," he is in agreement with the Convention which nominated him. When, however, he proposes, in the alternative of war, that the rebellious States shall be restored to precisely their former condition in the Union, with precisely the same political representation as when they departed from it, he rejects a Convention of States, on which, as the peaceable means, the Chicago Convention evidently relied for reconstructing the Union out of States physically debilitated and politically shorn. While, therefore, Gen. McClellan resolves upon an impossible Union as it was, through war, the Convention resolves upon an impossible Union as it should be, through peace. That the candidate does not stand erect upon his platform, though admitting a question whether, if elected, he would negotiate a peace, permits none that, if elected, he could not effectively prosecute the war.

The success of the Chicago nominees would, therefore, at the best, but place in power a party of divided counsels, of uncertain policy and of indecisive action. Clearly, such an event would be at the farthest from "a suppression of the rebellion by force of arms and without compromise."

The Baltimore platform, however objectionable at other points, is unimpeachable at this; and, while it fails to vindicate personal rights, and the rights of free speech and the press, it does not fail to refer the reëstablishment of constitutional liberty and the restoration of the Union to the arbitrament of arms, in which and in which alone, the national safety is to be found. We stand within view of a rebellion suppressed—within hail of a country reunited and saved. War lifts the curtain and discloses the prospect. War has given to us Atlanta, and war offers to us Richmond.

Shall we exchange the proffered victory for a "cessation of hostilities"? No. As we fought at the beginning we should fight to the end; and when rebellion shall have laid down its arms, may we peacefully reconstruct whatever the war for the Union shall be found to have spared. "Lay down your arms," then, as it was at the commencement, so it is now, all that is demanded by loyal Americans of their rebellious brothers.

I would certainly prefer that the American people could be brought to a vote on the several propositions peculiar to the Cleveland platform. The right of asylum, the one term policy, the direct vote of the people for their national Chief Magistrate, the Monroe doctrine, the confining exclusively to the representatives of the people in Congress the reconstruction of States, and the amendment of the Federal Constitution to prohibit slavery, are principles of primary magnitude and importance. But before all these is our country. It is menaced by rebellion. Loyal armies alone protect it. Should those armies retreat, and our protection be withdrawn; or should they advance, and our safety be established? Shall there be peace through the concessions of politicians, or peace through the action of war? That is the question.

Peace and division, or war and the Union! Other alternative there is none. And, as I still am of the mind that once led me to the field with the soldiers of the republic, I cannot now hold a position which, by dividing, bazards the success of all those who, whatever their differences at other points, agree, as upon the question of first consequence, that the restoration of the Union cannot be effected without the uninterrupted continuation of the war.

I therefore withdraw my name from the Cleveland ticket. Very truly, yours, JOHN COCHRANE.

New York, Sept. 21, 1864.

### *NEW PUBLICATIONS.*

Chaplain Alonzo H. Quint, of the Second Massachusetts, is the author of a very readable volume entitled "The Potomac and the Rapidan," or army notes from the failure at Winchester to the reënforcement of Rosecrans. The space covered by the narrative (or letters, rather, for in this shape they were originally contributed to the *Congregationalist*) is three years, and the scene widely extended because of the transfer of the regiment from an eastern to a western department. The descriptions and reflections are those of a scholarly man, and though written amid the distractions of camp, bring no discredit upon the intellectual powers of the author. This story has a value beyond the regiment with which he was immediately connected, and mirrors more or less completely the changing phases of the great struggle in the six and thirty months of his service. Mr. Quint started as a conservative on the slavery question—in regard to Confiscation he was early enlightened—and he honestly allows the record of his conversion to remain as he wrote it from week to week. Those who will may study the processes by which he was led from a belief in the unconstitutionality of emancipation, to an affirmation that "the only true policy is that which declares slavery in *any* State is contrary to natural right, and therefore unlawful." We must indulge in a single extract which is especially pertinent at the present moment:

"Men do not like arbitrary arrests. Do they any better like Jefferson Davis's arresting, hanging, scalping loyal men, without the shadow of even their own pretended laws?

"They do not like the suspension of *habeas corpus*. Are our friends at the South enjoying that privilege?

"They do not like the freeing of slaves. Do they like better the Southern custom of seizing our free negross while under a flag of truce, and selling them into slavery—as at Manassas?

"They do not like the arming of blacks. Do they like it better when their own soldiers are shot by blacks forced into the rebel armies—as in Jackson's army last year; in which (and the proof is ready) blacks and whites stood side by side in the ranks as soldiers?

"They think it is a 'cruel' war. Do they like better the decoying men by a flag of truce, and then shooting them, as at Harper's Ferry? the shooting unarmed negroes, as in Kentucky? the murder of women, as in Tennessee? the making of drinking cups of Yankee skulls, and spurs of jaw-bones, as at Bull Run?

"So loyal, so meek, so humane, so liberal is Davis's rule—no violation of laws, no treason, no cruelty, no tyranny—is that the reason why our Administration is assailed? Does anybody's *tastes* lead him to sympathize with this treason? If so, he is hopelessly corrupt. He is putrid. Even the Southern buzzards would leave his carcass untouched."

Crosby and Nichols, Boston, are the publishers. For sale by O. S. Felt, 39 Walker street, New York.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for August (L. Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 38 Walker street) contains: Tony Butler, Part XI.; Lewes's Aristotle; Victor Hugo on Shakspeare; Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men and Women, and other Things in General, Part VI.; Chronicles of Carlingford—the Perpetual Curate, Part XIV.; The Public Schools Report—II.; Harrow and Rugby; Art; Gulietta; The Voice of Censure.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for July (L. Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 38 Walker street) contains nine articles, with the following titles: 1. Words and Places; 2. Ludwig Uhland; 3. Free Thinking—its History and Tendencies; 4. The Circassian Exodus; 5. Lacordaire; 6. Christian Art; 7 Public Schools; 8. Travelling in England; 9. The House of Commons.

NEW MUSIC.—Horace Waters, No. 481 Broadway, has recently issued a song by Jas. G. Clark, entitled, "Let me die with my face to the foe"—the memorable dying words of Gen. J. C. Rice; also the following, with musical arrangements by Mrs. Parkhurst: "Come Rally, Freemen, Rally!"—a campaign song and chorus by John Adams; "No Slave beneath that Starry Flag," by Rev. Geo. Lansing Taylor; "Dey said we wouldn't fight," by Mrs. M. A. Kidder; "I will be true to the Stars and Stripes," by the same author; and "The Soldier's Dying Funeral."

## Chronicles of the War.

### Latest News in Brief.

The diary of Sheridan's exploits in the Shenandoah Valley is as follows: The first great battle with Early was fought on the 19th ult. near Berryville, and the fruits of our hard-earned victory on that occasion were some 7,000 rebel prisoners taken and nine rebel generals killed and wounded. Early's next position at Flint Hill was carried by our forces on the 21st. The pursuit was continued unflaggingly, and on the 22d a very strong position at Fisher's Hill, considered impregnable, was wrested from the enemy, who fled in a very demoralized condition up the valley. Sheridan's headquarters on Sunday were at Harrisonburg, close upon Staunton, which is only fifty-seven miles from Lynchburg, the destination of fugitives and pursuers.

Gens. Price and Smith are again invading Missouri with a heavy force, and the State is thrown into something of the old excitement in consequence. Gen. Rosecrans's appeals to the people give a serious phase to the business. In Alabama, Forrest has captured the post of Athens, and from there has entered Tennessee with some successes. He is reported to have renewed the butchery of colored troops at Sulphur Springs Trestle.

Gov. Brown and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, are represented to have approached Sherman with peace overtures, and some credibility attaches to the story from the deprecatory references to it in the rebel journals North and South.

## Summary.

"All the well-whipped Generals," says the *Courier*, "support Old Abe." We were not before aware that Gen. McClellan was one of Old Abe's supporters.—*Boston Traveller.*

The *Herald*, which fattens its candidates only to kill them, inquires: "If McClellan is elected, what is to become of Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan?" This is a pertinent question after the brilliant victory near Winchester.

It is said that Ben. Wood has suddenly become enamored of the song of "Ben Bolt," and the terrified Democracy is now singing vociferously "O dont you remember the Letter, Ben Bolt!"—*Toledo Blade.*

"Mr. Joseph Storey Fay," says the *Tribune*, "who raised the American flag at half-mast on Independence Day, has won his title clear to a sobriquet. He is hereafter to be known as 'The Culprit Fay.'"

They have abolished 152 sinecure offices in the New York Custom House. Under a just and economical government they would never have existed.—*Boston Post.*

Very true. They existed under Polk, Pierce, and Buchanan. Under Lincoln they have been abolished.—*Haverhill Gazette.*

THE SLAVE TRADE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.—The St. Helena *Guardian* says: "It is reported that the slave trade has been carried on very briskly for some time past, by means of steamers of such a class that our cruisers have no chance of catching them. One steamer of nine hundred tons has got away three times, each time laden with negroes. The barracoons are full."

Sheridan's dispatch, announcing his great victory in the Shenandoah, says: "The rebels lost in killed the following general officers: Geo. Rhodes, Gen. Wharton, Gen. Gordon, and Gen. Ramsay."

Sheridan forgot to enumerate, among the severely wounded, Gen. G. B. McClellan, Copperhead candidate for President of the United States. No rebels suffered so severely as he.

The Hon. Lorenzo Burrows discovered the other day in an unoccupied store of his at Albion, a snake a foot long in a spider's web. The snake had been drawn up from the floor about half his length, and the little spider was above, working the tackle by which he intended to wholly suspend him, and that by the neck, where he had coiled his web. The snake struggled in vain to escape, and was only released by the carelessness of a man who went to see the contest, which was witnessed by hundreds of people during the day.

STRAWS SHOWING WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.—A party who has been selling the portraits of our generals for the past two years in the army, and who had a heavy stock of the McClellan variety on hand, was quite elated upon hearing of that General's nomination for the Presidency in the hope that he should be able to run off his accumulated stock, but he says the pictures don't sell as well now as they did before he was nominated, and is quite disgusted with the soldier's want of appreciation.

A NOVEL SPECTACLE.—On board the steamer Plymouth Rock, of the Stonington line, a few days since, the passengers were treated to a novel and interesting spectacle. No less than four couples were united in marriage in the main saloon. In honor of the occasion, Capt. Geer gave a grand supper to the matrimonial party. So unexpected was the occasion that but few of the passengers realized that the marriage was a solemn reality until the ceremony had been completed. It is suggested that this steamboat line has become a "Gretna Green" for the United States. The happy couples are all for the Union—the whole union, and nothing but union.—*Home Journal.*

## Advertisements.

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OFFICE REMOVALS.—THE OFFICE OF THE Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society has been removed to the Stationery Store of T. Ellwood Chapman, No. 1 South Fifth Street. Office hours from 10 till 2 o'clock. B. C. BACON,
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DEAR MR. EDITOR: I notice in the last number your announcement of an intended increase of charge for *The Living Age*, beginning with the first of October. It did not come upon me unprepared.

I had supposed that, in common with business of every other kind, *The Living Age* must necessarily feel the pressure of the times; the more especially that people are not always as punctual as they should be in paying their subscriptions; and had determined to raise mine voluntarily with the coming year. Your announcement leads me to anticipate that intention. Please credit me with ten dollars—herewith enclosed—and charge me with a like sum annually hereafter.

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I hope, sir, that considerations such as have weighed with me may induce others, if not to exceed your terms, at least to acquiesce cheerfully in their proposed increase; and by the punctuality of their remittances, cheer the heart of him who furnishes their weekly feast of good things. Nearly two hundred pages monthly of well-selected reading are more than worth all that you ask.

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Boston, March 1, 1864.
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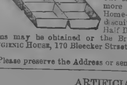

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# Miscellaneous Department.

## THE SHOT THAT FREED THE FLAG.

[In the naval action of Cherbourg fought Sunday, June 19, 1864, between the United States sloop of war "Kearsarge" and the Confederate cruiser "Alabama," the battle-flag of the former vessel was not unfurled until nearly the close of the engagement, when the rope by which it was confined was cut by a shot from the rebel ship, and the "Stars and Stripes" floated proudly in the breeze.]

FIERCE roars the fight, but still made fast,
Close to the brave ship's tow'ring mast,
Nor to the passing breezes cast,
The battle-flag hangs listlessly.

A rebel shot has cut the string;
Hark! how the wild cheers upward ring,
And back across the waters fling
Defiance to the enemy·

While far above the battle's tide
The Union flag unfolded wide
Expands, as th[illegible] in power and pride
'Twould hail the coming victory.

'Tis thus Rebellion's onslaught fell
Hath furthered Freedom's cause so well,
And left for Hist'ry's page to tell
A land new-born to liberty.

Awhile in fettered sloth remained
The Union,—its honor stained,
And, to the anguished negro chained,
The soul of Northern Chivalry.

The gun that Sumter's echoes woke
Released the slave, his fetters broke;
While Freedom's rallying spirit spoke
Of new and holier destiny.

Each voice gave forth the patriot word
As on the hurrying legions poured,
While in free air above them soared
The flag of glorious memory.

Long may that spangled banner fly,
Bearing aloft, 'mid sea and sky,
The signal dear to freeman's eye—
"Undying hate to Slavery."

London, England, July, 1864. [illegible] H. D.

## APPLES OF GOLD.

DURING the months of Winter and Spring, when our gardens and orchards have ceased to bear, and when the only home-grown contributions to the dessert are apples and nuts, with a few hot-house productions, we receive from more genial climes a most timely and abundant supply of a delicious fruit, the brilliant hue and smooth globular form of which remind one of the golden apples of the Hesperides. So closely, indeed, does the color of the orange resemble that of the most precious of metals, in all its variety of shades, from the dull red to the bright yellow, that it was once supposed that the *Aurea Mala* (Apples of Gold) of the Romans were specimens of this fruit. Even Gibbon lends the countenance of his scholarship to this idea. It has now, however, been placed almost beyond doubt that the orange was unknown to the ancient peoples of Europe. Its native country lay beyond the range of their commerce and navigation. There is more probability in the supposition that the orange, or at least the citron, was the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden. One species is known in France to this day as the *Pomme d'Adam* (Adam's Apple). The usual story is, that the orange was introduced from the East by the Portuguese as late as the sixteenth century; and it is said that the gardens of the Count St. Laurent at Lisbon contained, within the memory of living man, the first tree of the kind which was ever planted in European soil. Recent researches would seem to prove that the orange was another of the many valuable gifts which Spain owed to the Arabs; that its cultivation was established at Seville towards the end of the twelfth century; and that it was grown at Palermo, and probably Rome, in the thirteenth. An old account-book, of date 1333, has been discovered in Dauphiné, in which mention is made of a sum of money being paid for the transplantation of orange-trees. The introduction of this fruit has also been attributed to the Venetians and Genoese; and there can be no question that at any-rate they helped to disseminate it. This is certain, that the first home of the *Citrus* family was in India and China, and that it now flourishes in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, the Azores, South America, the East and West Indies, Australia, and Cape of Good Hope. It is clear, therefore, that acclimation, of which we now hear so much, is only an old process with a new name.

The citrus is represented by about a hundred and sixty different varieties. The ordinary classification gives eighty species to the orange, both bitter and sweet, forty-six to the lemon, seventeen to the citron, eight to the lime, six to the shaddock, and five to the bergamot. An interesting peculiarity of this family, which has furnished many a simile to the poets, is, that they are vigorous enough to bear flower and fruit together on one rich branch. One of Uhland's prettiest poems, which has been translated by Thackeray, is on this theme. It is called the *Chaplet*, and symbolizes the successive phases of woman's life, under the leafing, budding, blossoming, and fruiting of an orange wreath:

"Yet still the withered wreath she wore;
She wore it at her dying hour;
When lo! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf and fruit and flower."

The orange is tolerably hardy, and can endure a considerable range of temperature. A native of the tropics, it has proved equally at home in the temperate Azores, and has taken kindly root not only in France but in England. It is said that in some parts of Devonshire orange-trees exist, which have in the open air successfully withstood the chill blasts of more than a hundred Winters. In exposed situations, however, such as the Azores, where the sea-breezes are sometimes very violent, each plantation requires to be shielded by walls fifteen or twenty feet high and thick hedges. Every young shoot is reared in a sort of well, surrounded by shrubs, until it grows strong enough to resist the wind, and then the circle of bushes is removed. In time the tree spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chestnut. It is usually seven years before it puts forth a single fruit, and then for several years longer it yields only a half-crop. When in full bearing, however, a St. Michael tree will produce annually from twelve to sixteen thousand oranges, and one case is on record where twenty-six thousand were gathered in a year from a single tree. The Porto and Seville trees are less in size and not so prolific. Eight thousand oranges is deemed an average yield for one of them. "Nothing," says a traveller in the Azores, "can exceed the rich luxuriance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit-months—namely, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and the golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark foliage of the trees, and when the bright odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighborhood which is quite delicious." Although by November some of the fruit is ready to be gathered for the London market, which is always eagerly impatient for early arrivals, it is seldom quite ripe until the end of the year; indeed, the natives never think of eating them before January.

Occasionally, the orange-tree attains an enormous size and an advanced age; in some instances, the base of the stem has been seven feet in circumference. An orange-tree is quite lovely, and, so to speak, in full possession of all its faculties, when a hundred years old; indeed, experience has shown that it not only produces abundantly at that age, but that its fruit is then better than that of the younger ones, for the rind is thinner, and there are fewer pips. At Versailles, there is an orange-tree between four and five hundred years old. It was contemporary with Francis I., and formed part of the confiscated property of the Constable of Bourbon, whence it is called *Le Grand Bourbon*. It was raised from five seeds sown in 1421 by Leonora of Castile, wife of Charles III., king of Navarre. Its aged branches are now supported by iron rings.

Nowhere are oranges of more importance than in the Azores. These islands live on them, both directly as food, and indirectly as a profitable industry. Just as in other parts of the world a man's wealth is reckoned by the number of sheep, cattle or horses which he can call his own, so here the orange-tree forms the unit of value. You do not say, such a one is worth so many thousand pounds, but that he has a *quinta* containing so many trees. High and low, rich and poor alike, derive their incomes from oranges. Whether it be for good or evil, the population are certainly not "divorced from the soil" in the Azores, for while the great proprietor has his thousand or fifteen hundred trees, the peasant rejoices in the "orange tints that gild the greenest bough" upon his own dozen or half-dozen trees. During the years when the orange-trees are yielding no fruit, maize or beans are grown between their ranks, but seldom afterwards unless the owner is very poor or very greedy. The islanders devote their whole time, thought and energies to the cultivation of the orange, and watch over the trees with great care and anxiety to preserve them from the violence of the elements, or the ravages of that destructive insect, the coccus. The crop is generally bought by the merchant before it has reached maturity, and there are professional valuers who base [illegible] calculating the [illegible]. After the bargain is made, [illegible] the weather or the insects may play sad havoc with the quinta, and cause heavy loss to the purchaser. The [illegible] St. Michael oranges, so [illegible] in this country, come from the largest of the Azores, which, upon an area of two hundred and twenty-[illegible] miles, yields annually oranges to the value of about ninety thousand pounds, and to the number of nearly three hundred million.

A seventh of this quantity is usually consumed by the inhabitants; the rest is exported.

In this country, oranges were first known towards the end of Henry VIII.'s reign. In James I.'s time, the orange-women, if we may trust Ben Jonson, were on a par in point of noisiness with the fish-fags of to-day. In the dissolute days of the Restoration, the fruit used to be sold at the theatres. The orange-girls, with their cry of "Choose a paper of oranges," were, as the readers of Pepys does not need to be reminded, an institution of the period, and must not be confounded with the ragged Irish lasses who now ply the same vocation in the streets. Nell Gwynn was one of the sisterhood. The "swells," who sat on each side of the stage, chaffed the orange-girls between the acts, or offered some of the fruit to any of their lady friends in the audience, or among the *corps dramatique*. As navigation and commerce expanded, the supply of oranges became more abundant, and the consumption of them, of course, more popular. A vast extension of the trade has taken place of recent years. This has been partly due to the improved means of conveyance, but mainly to the withdrawal of the duty. For a long time half-a-crown per box was levied by the Custom-house. In 185[illegible], the charge was reduced to eightpence; and in 1861, it was abolished altogether. Some difficulty has been thrown in the way of comparison through the import of oranges, which used to be computed by boxes, being now measured by bushels. Speaking roughly, however, we may say that the average annual import in the five years ending with 1850, was about three hundred million. During the five years ending 1860, it was between six and seven hundred million. More than a third of this supply finds its way to London. Half of it is derived from the Azores, a fifth from Portugal, and the rest from Spain, Sicily, and elsewhere. The value of the fruit imported now reaches nearly six hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, and gives employment, it is calculated, in picking, packing, shipping and selling, to more than twelve thousand persons throughout the country. Fully two hundred clipper-steamers are engaged from November to May in conveying the fruit from the Azores to London, Liverpool, Bristol, and other English ports.

The wholesale orange-trade of the metropolis—one might almost say of the country—is located in the narrow and somewhat steep streets between Pudding Lane (memorable, according to tradition, as the point in connection with the Great Fire) and the Coal Exchange, which run up from Thames street to Tower street. In the season, the tall, dingy warehouses of this region appear overflowing with the golden fruit. There it is in bursting boxes, in swollen sacks, in loose heaps. Porters are continually passing up and down, staggering under loads of oranges. Huge vans are being emptied of or packed with oranges. In dark shops or counting-houses on the ground-floor, into which a faint light is thrown by the aid of tin reflectors, expert dealers are classifying oranges, as fast as they can pick them out of the boxes, just rolling them deftly between finger and thumb, and chucking them at once into the bin which denotes their value. In bare, dusty salerooms, a motley throng of middle-men and retailers are shrieking responses to the appeals of sharp but unimpassioned auctioneers, who are offering oranges for sale—the Jewish element is rather conspicuous amongst the company, and in the national excitability seems to be rather contagious. In Pudding Lane, three or four orange-auctions often take place on the same day, within a few minutes of each other; and as they are quickly over, the crowd of buyers hurry from one to another, until their wants or the supplies are exhausted.

As has been said, more than a third of the total import of oranges is disposed of wholesale in London; and of that fully a fourth is retailed by itinerant vendors. Probably forty thousand pounds a year is spent in the streets in the purchase of this fruit. The Jews enjoy almost a monopoly of the trade with the costermongers; and their chief market is in Duke's street, Houndsditch, and the large square adjoining, called St. James's Place. Here the children of Israel have established a numerous colony. Even if Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were not written up over the doorways; even if there were not a large synagogue at hand, a certificated butcher at the corner of one street, who supplies meat slaughtered in accordance with the Levitical law; and a fish-dealer at the corner of another, who sells fish cooked in oil, after a fashion peculiar to the chosen people—one could have no difficulty in recognizing the nationality of the inhabitants of this strange quarter, which is neither so filthy nor so picturesque as the Judengasse of Frankfort, but is quite as characteristic. We have, in a modified form, the same combination of prosperity and squalor, gorgeousness and dirt. Such dingy, rickety, tumble-down houses—such ruinous, dismantled shops, are not to be seen elsewhere, even in the lowest back-slums of the metropolis. But if you get a peep into any of the private chambers of these houses, you will find a marked contrast between exterior and interior; you will find them fitted up in a loose, untidy way, with glaring carpets and curtains of rich material, grand gilt clocks, mirrors, and other showy ornaments. As for the people themselves, the men with yellow wizened faces, keen hungry looks, and greasy old garments, they look much below the sturdy costers, with their moleskins and "belchers," in the scale of poverty; yet they are, many of them, wealthy men, with a comfortable balance at their banker's, and perhaps two or three heavy chests of miscellaneous bullion aloft in the crumbling, mildewed garret. It is in the adornment of their women that the Jews, like the Greeks, indulge their innate love of splendor; and here we have Rachels and Rebeccas, with their fat, dirty hands loaded with rings, with their ditto, ditto necks encircled with glittering necklaces, and with massive golden drops dragging down their ears. The Jewish maiden of fifteen, with her wonderful black eyes, warm olive complexion, and pouting lips, is truly a charming creature; but the rapid way in which this lithe, graceful form and beautiful features become encased, enshrouded under layer after layer of fat, as soon as she is out of her teens, makes one stand much in awe of Israelitish matronhood. A year or two at that critical age makes such a change, even in a Hebrew Venus, that I think some allowance was to be made, after all, for the cooling down of Ivanhoe's passion for Rebecca. In Duke's street the women generally attend to the shops, while the men are at the wholesale auctions. The costermongers, Mr. Mayhew says, prefer the Jews to other dealers, for, though they are keen and greedy, they seldom refuse an offer; while the Covent Garden dealers cling obstinately to their prices, and are rather saucy in their "take-it-or-leave-it" tone to customers. At one time the street-sale of oranges used to be very much in the hands of the Jews; but that shrewd, money-making race seem now to have taken up the line of "middle-men" between the importers and retailers, and to have left the basket and barrow to the Irish and other costers. Thus we see the orange is not only a cheap and wholesome luxury, but the basis of a large, complicated and important industry. —*Chambers's Journal.*

## GARIBALDI ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

IN a letter to the editor of *La Nation Suisse*, Garibaldi says: "I desire to add my name to the four thousand citizens of Geneva who have addressed the United States in favor of the maintenance of the Constitution and the abolition of slavery, and I hope in so doing to obtain the approbation of the liberal press, and of all my fellow-citizens. Glory to Switzerland! That old home of liberty deserves to stand in the vanguard of human emancipation. From a fatality now weighing on nations, we see great peoples grow less, and even disappear before the lying flattery of despotism, and champions of freedom become the police of tyranny. Well, let Switzerland take the lead till nations repent. Tyrants pass away; nations are immortal. What avails a minority? We shall conquer by aid of our old traditions; and we shall again see tyranny melt before the popular phalanx as snow before the sun. We shall conquer because we have right, justice and brotherhood on our side. Let us now call the attention of Switzerland to a great fact. The American republics present to the world the spectacle of the connection of the peoples. An aggression against the Peruvian territory, completed by the Spanish Bourbons, has raised a cry of shame and vengeance from all sister nations. If the elder sister of republics will send one word of comfort to her suffering sister, it would be a striking contrast to the shameful leaguer of tyrants against liberty which we now see in Europe. Mind this: Poland swamped by Russia, amid the apathy of all, is the first step to return to the barbarism of middle ages. If the 'partition' disgraced the eighteenth, the destruction of Poland is a lasting blot on the nineteenth century. Alas! our civilization as yet is but false."

MONT BLANC.—The ascents of Mont Blanc (says *Galignani*) have this year increased in an extraordinary manner. There were not less than eight in one week. The ascensionists were Mr. Edward [illegible], Mr. Frederick [illegible], Filton, Messrs. Joseph and Ernest [illegible], Mr. Macomb Chance, Mr. Birkbeck, [illegible], and Messrs. [illegible] and [illegible] Foltman Pearce, all English. The last four are members of the Alpine Club. The others were Mr. Fraser, a Scotchman; M. Manuel [illegible], a Spaniard, and M. Gabriel de Rumine, of Lausanne. The ascent to the Grand Mulets has also been performed by three young ladies, Misses Josephine, Blanch and Grace Perkins, belonging to the family of the London brewer. The number of tourists who had arrived at Chamounix, up to the 6th, was [illegible].

## WAS GOTT THUT, DAS IST WOHL GETHAN.

TRANSLATED BY REV. N. L. FROTHINGHAM, D.D.

[This hymn was written at Jena, by SAMUEL RODIGAST, in 1675, for a sick friend, who composed the fine melody to which it is set.]

WHAT God doth, it is all well done—
His will upright abiding;
Since he hath traced my course begun,
I will go on confiding.
My God is he
Who holdeth me;
I will not turn complainer
At such a wise Ordainer.

What God doth, it is all well done—
He never will deceive me:
In righteous paths he leadeth on,
And never will he leave me.
With patience still
I meet his will:
Ill days he timely [illegible]
That run as he disposeth.

What God doth, it is all well done,
His care will be unfailing;
A healer, and a wondrous one,
Will not mistake my ailing.
No poisons his
For remedies,
His truth is my foundation,
His grace my whole salvation.

What God doth, it is all well done.
He is my light and being;
Mere evil he can mean me none:
I bow to his decreeing.
Through weal or woe,
Time still will show,
Which every thing revealeth,
How faithfully he dealeth.

What God doth, it is all well done.
If I must drink the chalice—
The bitter cup which I would shun—
My shrinking soul he rallies;
And, firmly placed,
My heart shall taste
That sweet peace in believing
Which softens downs all griev[illegible]

What God doth, it is all well done,
Strong shall that make and fir[illegible]
Rough ways I may be forced to
Grief pressing close behind [illegible]
Yet God will be
Right fatherly,
In death his arm sustain [illegible];
Then be it he that r[illegible]

—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

## MR. GREELEY'S HISTORY O[illegible] AMERICAN CONFLICT.

From the Independent.

HAVING once or twice mentioned in the I[illegible] the progress of Mr. Greeley's historical w[illegible] yet he was busy dictating it to his aman[illegible] are now glad, on the completion of the fir[illegible] to salute it with the customary welcome which a great literary task, successfully done, merits and wins from the general press.

After hiding himself during the morning hours of a twelve-month from the search of his friends, sequestered all this while at the Bible House in a little room whose number was kept a secret from visitors, and whose door, when found, was locked as if no one were at home, Mr. Greeley now comes forth to present to his countrymen a book of which the author has a right to be proud, and the reader a duty to be grateful. An equal companion volume is to follow—to be deferred, however, until the historian can write it under the inspiration of Union restored, Liberty established, and Peace green again upon the land—which may his eyes soon see! Meanwhile, the simple fact that a half-wrought work, printed when paper and types cost three times their ordinary price, asking audience during a troublous period when books are rather laid aside than taken up, yet is nevertheless already waited for by 50,000 subscribers, the demand continuing greater than the printing-press can supply—all this argues either great interest in the subject, great attraction in the narrative, or great regard for the writer. The extraordinary success of this book is due to all these three causes. The most important literary undertaking of the writer's life, next to the *Tribune* (for whose columns, meanwhile, he still wrought daily a day's work after dark), the two volumes, when finished, will be the chief monument which he will leave behind him to attest the skill, the power, and the life-long noble purpose of his pen.

His task was, the history of an idea. Now, the ruling idea in American history—from the Declaration of Independence in which it shines like a flame, to the Chicago Platform where it is quenched in outer darkness—is Human Liberty: making our annals mainly a story of human hearts crying out against oppression, and petitioning the relief. "The rights for which we struggle," said the colonists to Great Britain, "are the *dearest rights of human nature.*" "We believe," said Alexander Hamilton, "in *natural* liberty: it is on this that we base *civil* liberty." Accordingly, the basis of our American institutions was meant to be the American doctrine of the Rights of Man. Publishing this doctrine to the world eighty years ago, our nation made it illustrious in theory and put it to shame in practice. Declaring with Jefferson that all men are by nature free and equal, one class of our people were eager to claim this prerogative for themselves, and to deny it to their brethren. This strife of theory with practice—of selfishness with charity—of Liberty with Slavery—beginning on this continent long before the beginning of the present government—is the same strife which has culminated into civil swords in our day. This is what Mr. Greeley denominates the American Conflict—a history, certainly, furnishing what Hawthorne desired yet had not eyes to discover in his own country, "a picturesque and gloomy wrong"—a history which, by and by, when our descendants look back upon it, will seem too strange to have been enacted in the nineteenth Christian Century—a history which needs, therefore, to be accurately written now, and established out of the mouths of many witnesses, lest our grand-children receive it with the same incredulity with which our own minds entertain the myths and legends of a former age.

How far this book fulfils its purpose is attested already by the unanimous verdict of many critical minds whose judgments are precious. A synopsis of its ample contents we shall not undertake—filling, as they do, six hundred double-columned pages—touching, as they do, at every point in our three-quarters of a century of history where slavery has touched—omitting, so far as we notice, no essential topic, no link of the chain—and all written in a spirit of fairness that keeps the book uncharged with narrowness or partisanship: in saying which, however, we do not mean that the reader will not find, at any chance page, point-blank evidence that Mr. Greeley loves Liberty and hates Slavery; but, this being inevitable, always expected, and well understood, the writer has nevertheless so fairly stated the facts of the great controversy as to be accepted as historical authority by the advocates of each opposing side. A writer without fairness we distrust: a writer without convictions we despise. Mr. Greeley is both impartial and positive.

His style—which is so well-known to discriminating readers that his own edito[illegible] can be unerringly detected am[illegible] and his articles in the *Indepe*[illegible] ornament of his name—is cog[illegible] as a ball to a target, prolific [illegible] cies, yet strikingly compensat[illegible] agination by an abundance of humor and [illegible] Caring little for nature's flowers, he plucks none for his rhetoric: yet he sprinkles all his pages with salt: so that, though without perfume, they are not without savor. For instance, his opening chapter—a stereoscopic view of our country from the two points, 1782 and 1860—gives for illustration a series of multitudinous, curious, and novel facts, such as no other than a thoroughly practical, out-of-door man would have thought of choosing. Yet he always writes in a fine glow—showing a generous nature easily kindled. The annexation of Texas, the War with Mexico, the Compromises of 1850, the Fugitive Slave law, the Kansas tragedy, the Dead Scott shame—all these topics are treated with such spirit and life as to awaken in the mind the same intense impressions which swayed us in the days when these were living and current questions. Nor can any writer put more substance into the same space than he: for as in his farming he strives for sixteen hundred bushels of tomatoes from an acre, so in his book-making he achieves the largest possible crop of good reading from the fewest possible words—packing his paragraph as full as he crams his travelling bag with newspapers when hurrying off at sudden notice to make a speech—or as full as he fills with apples the coat pockets of his guests on sending them away from Chapequa! In writing a book he uses the same pen as in writing an editorial. In fact, this book is one prolonged newspaper article; showing a historian dispossessed of the fashionable High Church notion, that writing history requires a different style from writing on any other sober and elevated theme: for as "style is the man," why should a man, turning aside from his ordinary literary avocations to write a history, abandon that style which is his natural self, for the supposed greater dignity and [illegible]ness of appearing in the character of a stiff and stately historical lay-figure? We like Mr. Greeley's quaintness, easiness, simplicity, of speech—not, however, his occasional vulgarisms and slang. As to his constructive ability in shaping the mass of his materials, the architectural plan of his book is chaste and seemly, the chapters dramatic, sequences, and the sentences of every paragraph cumulative to a final effect—an art of style which Buckle practised well, who always conceived a whole paragraph in his mind with all its array of sent[illegible] single word. Although the narrative is unflagging, zealous, and picturesque—no part of the book tiresome, not even the detailed quotations of votes, resolutions and speeches, for nothing but the pith of a question is ever given. In a farmer's house, on a Winter evening, where one of the family reads aloud and the others listen, we know of no American book more interesting and useful, none more worthy to be universally known and prized, none more sure, if fitly used, to weave itself into the intellectual texture of the rising generation.

Of course the progress of time—putting living historical figures perpetually into new groups, trying public characters by new tests, clearing clouded brows and clouding clear—will render necessary in the second volume some strange sequels to the first: for example, we cannot forbear a single quotation from the chapter on the Presidential contest of 1860, as showing how are the mighty fallen! "The vote polled for Fremont and Dayton in 1856," he says, "considerably exceeded the solid strength, at that time, of the Republican party. It was swelled in part by the personal popularity of Col. Fremont, whose previous career of adventure and of daring—his explorations, discoveries, privations, and perils—appealed, in view of his comparative youth for a Presidential candidate, with resistless fascination to the noble young men of our country; while his silence and patience throughout the canvass, amid a perfect tempest of preposterous yet annoying calumnies, had contributed to widen the circle of his admirers and friends." On reading this eloquent testimony, true of eight years ago, we cannot help exclaiming, Alas! that the name which was once a power to conjure with has come to shame—that the "resistless fascination" is only a recollection—that the "silence and patience" no longer are manifest—that the old "admirers and friends" no longer remain! The historian of the second volume of the American Conflict will [illegible] gild a name which [illegible] lustrious in the first!

[illegible] at leave upon our reader's mind an incor[illegible]ssion of the scope of this work, if, in [illegible] it as mainly a History of Opinion, we [illegible] speak also of its completeness as a photo[illegible] civil war. The secession and rebellion [illegible] the South occupy the last half of the volume—the [illegible]ceding ordinances of each State being given, and [illegible] the vivid events therewith connected, after which [illegible]e author quickly follows the fife and drum, turning [illegible] pen to battle-pieces—writing the bloody record [illegible]th no exaggerated emphasis—always telling the [illegible] truth, whosesoever's cheeks are shamed, particu[illegible]y the plain truth concerning Bull Run—and, that [illegible] final strain may not be in the key of mournful [illegible]feat, he ends with McClellan's victory over the [illegible]tchinson family.

[illegible]omplete as this work is—a full spring, running [illegible]er—the author has omitted one essential chapter which some other historian must supply: that is, Mr. Greeley's own unwearied, invaluable and honorable part in the American Conflict. Waxing now in years, he has given a manly life to the cause of Truth, Freedom and Humanity. Hardly once in a century does God give to an obscure man an opportunity to serve his country and mankind as He gave to the poor printer who, years ago, came to this city from his native North, bringing a brow baptized with mountain air—true ordination unto an apostleship of freedom!—and who, writing for these many years to more readers than any other man in America, has written always for the breaking of chains, for the elevation of his country, and for the happiness of his fellow-creatures. How far less advanced would this nation have been in moral sentiment to day—with slavery tainting and rotting our free institutions—had it not been for the inestimable counter-influence of the *Tribune*, particularly in those earlier days when such counter-influences were few! Though sometimes strangely whimsical and grievously wrong in his views of public policy, meriting the faithful rebukes of his friends (which we say plainly, for we have no right to speak anything other than the whole truth), Mr. Greeley and the *Tribune* have, nevertheless, for the past fifteen years, exerted an influence so humane and ennobling, so helpful to the up-struggling aspirations of the oppressed classes, that we know of no man whom the next generation will more venerate for multitudinous labors in behalf of his country than Horace Greeley. Added to his own name will be many other names of the noble band of champions of freedom—some to be as illustrious as any in human history!—who still, with venerable heads yet youthful and prophetic spirits, remain upon the stage, expectant of that final victory which once they little dreamed of seeing in their own day. A true record of the life and labors of the modest writer who here makes fit mention of the services of his companions, while he omits his own, belongs to the history of the American Conflict. But, by-the-bye, there will be some pen that will pay this tribute. Meanwhile, nations wisely withhold their full final praise of their benefactors until death hushes calumnies, and graves ask for monuments.

But for another reason, also, this work, great as it is, is not the true history of American slavery. That history must remain unwritten! No human authorship is competent to the record! No human mind is capacious enough to embrace the full horrors of the details! Histories of sorrow can never be fully told—only faintly hinted. If a true history of the eight generations of American slavery could be written, what a record of broken hearts, of crushed hopes, of mildewed lives! What a drama of agonizing prayers, of wrestlings with despair, of faintings under burdens, of griefs beyond tears, of graves made welcome! God be thanked, the long tragedy draws to an end! Praise be unto Him who now at last avenges his own elect that have cried unto Him day and night! He whose coming was predicted to be with "clouds and great glory," fulfils at last the prophecy: for, behold! our own eyes see the clouds of battle-smoke, and the glory of Liberty shining with holy light into the opening house of bondage whence the oppressed go free! *"O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted! behold I will lay thy stones with fine colors, and lay thy foundations with sapphires.... And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children. In righteousness shalt thou be established: thou shalt be far from oppression.... Whosoever shall gather together against thee shall fall!"*

## EDUCATION FOR COLORED CHILDREN IN ST. LOUIS.

Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 26, 1864.

You will be glad to learn that a movement is on foot in this city to extend to all colored children the full advantages of public school instruction. There are now not less than a thousand such children in St. Louis, of the age to be at school, for whom no provision is made except private schools, supported either by small tuition fees or by the donations of charitable persons. The Freedmens' Societies and the Western Sanitary Commission have done something in the same direction, but thus far little has been accomplished compared with the demand.

About six months ago an Educational Board was [illegible] consisting of ten or twelve respectable [illegible] an advisory (white) committee of [illegible]thers, and four schools were opened [illegible] until the Summer vacation. Two of [illegible] were taught by colored men and two [illegible] number of scholars was four hundred [illegible] the progress made was entirely satisfactory.

At this stage of proceedings, it was ascertained by examination of the tax lists, that the colored citizens of St. Louis are paying a tax on *four millions* of property, real and personal, of which one-tenth of one per cent., or four thousand dollars, goes to the support of public schools, to none of which schools colored children are admitted! On strength of this remarkable fact, the members of the Western Sanitary Commission addressed a memorial to the Board of Directors of the Public Schools, petitioning that at least a sum equal to taxes paid, as above, should be appropriated to the education of colored children. The petition was favorably received and no objection was made, but on inquiry it was found that by the laws of Missouri it is a criminal act, punishable by fine and penitentiary, to teach a colored person, slave or free, to read or write! What a commentary on the peculiar institution, that this people, declared to be incapable of elevation, should be compelled to pay for the education of white children, and prohibited, on pain of imprisonment, from educating their own!

Of course the law has been systematically and openly violated by individuals, for years past, but it would be unwise for a Board of Instruction, acting under direct authority of State law, to set it at defiance. The Directors [illegible], have [illegible] a memorial to be presented to the Legislature next December requesting the repeal of all laws prohibiting the education of colored people. The action was [illegible], and the petition will [illegible] be granted. As soon as this difficulty is removed, the Public School Board will proceed to make adequate provision for all [illegible] instruction.

[illegible] private benevolence must supply [illegible], and we are now making arrangements [illegible] schools [illegible] sustain. A generous gift [illegible] was [illegible] from a [illegible] New Bedford, [illegible] will, for [illegible] years. [illegible] is make [illegible] of schools as far as [illegible] want of proper [illegible] and the high cost of everything constitute serious obstacles in our way. The [illegible] importance, and will not be [illegible]. The greater part of those to be taught are fugitives or contrabands, brought here by the war, but the regular colored population of the city seems disposed to do their fair proportion, and the citizens, with such assistance as may come from distant friends, must do the rest. The necessity of its being promptly and well done by somebody is too plain for argument. E.

## THE SLAVE SINGING AT MIDNIGHT.

LOUD he sang the Psalm of David,
He a negro and enslaved;
Sang of Israel's victory,
Sang of Zion bright and free.

In that hour when night is calmest,
Sang he from the Hebrew Psalmist,
In a voice so sweet and clear
That I could not choose but hear—

Songs of triumph and ascriptions,
Such as reached the swart Egyptians,
When upon the Red Sea coast,
Perished Pharaoh and his host.

The voice of his devotion
Filled my heart with strange emotion;
For its tones by turns were glad,
Sweetly solemn, wildly glad.

Paul and Silas, in their prison,
Sang of Christ, the Lord arisen;
And an earthquake's arm of might
Broke their dungeon gates at night.

But, alas! what holy angel
Brings the slave the glad evangel?
And what earthquake's arm of might
Brake his dungeon gates at night?

LONGFELLOW.

## AN EXCITING STORY OF THE WAR.

A GRAND NEGRO INSURRECTION STOPPED BY UNION OFFICERS.

"EDMUND KIRKE" makes this extraordinary revelation in his new book, "Down in Tennessee":

One day I was sitting alone with Gen. Rosecrans, an aid handed him a letter. He opened it, ceased doing half a dozen other things, and became at once absorbed in its contents. He re-read it, and then handing it to me, said, "Read that. Tell me what you think of it." I read it. Its outside indicated that it had come from "over Jordon," and had had "a hard road to travel," but its inside startled me. It was written in a round, unpractised hand, and though badly spelled, showed its author was familiar with good Southern English. Its date was May 18th, 1863, and it began thus:

"GENERAL: A plan has been adopted for simultaneous movement or rising to sever the rebel communications throughout the whole South, which is now disclosed to some General in each military department in the secesh States, in order that they may act in concert, and thus insure us success.

"The plan is for the blacks to make a concerted and simultaneous rising, on the night of the first of August next, over the whole States in rebellion. To arm themselves with any and every kind of weapon that may come to hand, and commence operations by burning all railroad and county bridges, tearing up all railroad tracks, and cutting and destroying all telegraph wires—and when this is done take to the woods, the swamps, or the mountains, whence they may emerge, as occasion may offer, for provisions or for further depredations. No blood is to be shed except in self-defense.

"The corn will be in roasting ear about the first of August, and upon this and by foraging upon the farms at night, we can subsist. Concerted movement at the time named would be successful, and the rebellion be brought suddenly to an end."

The letter went on with some details which I cannot repeat, and ended thus:

"The plan will be simultaneous over the whole South, and yet few of all engaged will know its whole extent. Please write 'I' and we may know you are with us.

"Be assured, General, that a copy of this letter has been sent to every military department in the rebel States, that the time of the movement may thus be made general over the entire South."

I was re-reading the letter when the General again said:

"What do you think of it?"

"It would end the rebellion. It taps the great negro organization of which I speak in 'Among the Pines,' and coöperated with by our forces would certainly succeed, but—the South would run with blood."

"Innocent blood! Women and children."

"Yes, women and children. If you let the blacks loose, they will rush into carnage like horses into a burning barn. St. Domingo will be multiplied by a million."

"But he says no blood is to be shed except in self-defense."

"He says so, and the leaders may mean so, but they cannot restrain the rabble. Every slave has some real or fancied wrong, and he would take such a time to avenge it."

"Well, I must talk with Garfield. Come, go with me."

We crossed the street to Garfield's lodgings, and found him bolstered up in bed, quite sick with a fever. The General sat down at the foot of his bed, and handed him the letter. Garfield read it over carefully, and then, laying it down, said:

"It will never do, General. We don't want to whip by such means. If the slaves, of their own accord, rise and assert their original right to themselves, that will be their own affair; but we can have no complicity with them without outraging the moral sense of the civilized world."

"I knew you'd say so; but he speaks of other department commanders—may they not come into it?"

"Yes, they may, and that should be looked to. Send this letter to ——, and let him head off 'the movement.'"

It was not thought prudent to intrust the letter to the mails; nor with the railway, infested with guerillas; nor was it a safe document to carry about the person. A short shrift and a long rope might have been the consequence of its being found on a traveller. So, by ripping open the top of my boot, I stowed it snugly away in the lining, and took it North. On the 4th of June following, Garfield wrote me that he had just heard from the writer of the letter; and that five out of the nine department commanders had come into the project, and subsequently that another General had also promised it his support.

But I can say no more. All the world knows that the insurrection did not take place. The outbreaks in September, among the blacks of Georgia and Alabama, were only parts of the plan, the work of subordinate leaders, who, maddened at the miscarriage of the grand scheme, determined to carry out their own share of the programme at all hazards. It was a gigantic project, and the trains were all laid, the matches all lighted, and two centuries of cruel wrong were about to be avenged in a night, when a white man said to a negro, "You will slaughter friends and enemies. You will wade knee deep in innocent blood. God cannot be with you in midnight massacre!" A white man said that, and the uplifted torch fell from the negro's hand, and saying, "I will leave vengeance to God," he went back to his toil and his stripes.

## CARPENTER'S PAINTING.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION BEFORE THE CABINET.

"THE Emancipation Proclamation will live in history as one of those great events which measure the advance of the world. The historian will rank it alongside with the acquisition of Magna Charta, and the Declaration of Independence.'*

It was the most critical period of the war. McClellan's campaign before Richmond, upon which hung the hopes of the whole loyal North, had just resulted in disastrous failure. After the most stupendous preparations known in modern warfare, the great sacrifice of life had accomplished absolutely nothing in crushing the rebellion, which, flushed with success, was more defiant than ever. Universal depression and discouragement succeeded the first brilliant hopes engendered by the great uprising of the North, which followed the bombardment of Fort Sumter.

Thus far had the war been prosecuted by the Administration without touching slavery in any manner. The proclamations of Fremont and Hunter, in Missouri and South Carolina, had been nullified at Washington.

At length the demand for a change of policy, beginning with a few radical men, became [illegible] longer ignored. The Anti-Slavery [illegible] in a minority at the [illegible] of the rebellion [illegible] its converts by [illegible], so deeply seated had become the conviction that slavery was the [illegible] of the war.

The President could no longer hesitate. The last of July, 1862, the first draft of the proclamation was prepared, a special Cabinet meeting was called, the [illegible] of the summons was not made known. The President said he had "fully decided to take the responsibility of the act of Emancipation, but that suggestions as to the subject matter were in order." Nothing was offered that [illegible] already anticipated and carefully considered [illegible]: '[illegible] is of so much importance,' said he, 'that I fear [illegible] effect at this juncture; it may be considered as [illegible] measure of an exhausted government—a cry for help—the government stretching [illegible] forth its [illegible] government. Therefore, [illegible] I suggest [illegible] you postpone the issue of [illegible] be given to the country upon Union successes rather [illegible] defeat.' The result was that the proclamation was reserved, and first given to the world amid the [illegible]mations which followed the battles of South Mountain and Antietam.

This is the moment of time seized by Mr. Carpenter in the composition of his picture. The President seems suddenly arrested and impressed by the wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State. In truth, it was an aspect of the case, as he informed the artist, that he had until that moment entirely overlooked. His marked face and figure are turned towards Mr. Seward, who is in the act of speaking. He grasps the proclamation in his left hand, which has dropped upon the table by his side; the old lines of humor are all gone from his face, and in their stead is a strange blending of firmness and anxiety. Slightly in the rear of Mr. Lincoln is the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Chase, standing, with arms closely folded over his breast. The President is supported on each hand by the Secretaries of War and the Navy—Mr. Stanton upon the right, and Mr. Welles on the left; both of whom, together with Mr. Chase, are looking, with varying shades of expression, toward the speaker, Mr. Seward. At the end of the table, opposite the President, leaning forward upon his arms, is Judge Bates, the Attorney-General. Immediately at his right, standing, as if having but recently entered the room, is Montgomery Blair, the Postmaster-General. In the background, also standing, is the late Caleb B. Smith, the Secretary of the Interior, whose resignation took place shortly afterward.

The accessories of the picture are *literal*. It is the Cabinet Chamber of the Executive mansion. Many persons will recognize the plain old table and chairs, the very ones introduced there in Jackson's day. On the bookcase, behind Mr. Chase, stands a photograph of Simon Cameron, who, as the first Secretary of War, took the first public action that was taken in the Administration in reference to the slavery question. Over the mantle, dimly seen, hangs the portrait of the lion-hearted Jackson, well remembered by the visitors to the room. On the table is a map, "The Seat of War in Virginia," and leaning against a leg of the table, another, showing the statistics of the slave States, in graduated light and shade. This, with Whiting's "War Powers of the President," leaning against the chair in the foreground, were often consulted by the President while the measure was pending. A war "Portfolio" behind Mr. Seward's chair, a book, open, upon the floor, supposed to be the Constitution, and the newspaper upon the floor at the extreme left of the picture, representing the power of the press, in educating the people up to great moral stand-points, comprise the chief accessories which have mostly been introduced with reference to their bearing upon the subject.

By invitation of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Carpenter occupied the State Dining Room of the "White House" during the painting of the picture, which consumed about six months. Here he had every needed facility for studying his subjects from the life, with the exception of Secretary Smith, who died shortly before the picture was commenced. The portrait of him was painted from photographs, and the artist's preconceptions, and was pronounced, by the President, equally successful with the others.

We can close this brief sketch with no better sentiment than the concluding words of the proclamation itself—words which deserve to be printed in letters of gold, throughout the length and breadth of the land:

"UPON THIS ACT, BELIEVED TO BE AN ACT OF JUSTICE, WARRANTED BY THE CONSTITUTION UPON MILITARY NECESSITY, I INVOKE THE CONSIDERATE JUDGMENT OF MANKIND, AND THE GRACIOUS FAVOR OF ALMIGHTY GOD."

[This picture, painted by F. B. Carpenter, is to be engraved by A. H. Ritchie. Size of the painting, 14½ ft. by [illegible]. Size of engraving, 21 by 32 inches. The prices of the engraving will be—Prints, $10; India Proofs, $15; Artists' Proofs (signed), $25. Published by Derby and Miller, [illegible] Spruce st.]

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* Hon. Mr. Arnold [illegible]

WOMEN KILLED WITH CARE.—Every woman must have a best parlor, with hair-cloth furniture, and a photographic book; she must have a piano, or some cheaper substitute; her little girls must have embroidered skirts, and much mathematical knowledge; her husband must have two or even three hot meals every day of his life; and yet her house must be in perfect order early in the afternoon, and she prepared to go out and pay calls, with a black silk dress and card-case. In the evening she will go to a concert or lecture, and then, at the end of all, she will very possibly sit up after midnight with her sewing-machine, doing extra work to pay for little Ella's music lessons. All this every "capable" woman will do or die! She does it, and dies, and then we are astonished that her vital energy gives out sooner than that of an Irish woman in a shanty, with no ambition on earth but to supply her young Patricks with adequate potatoes.—*T. W. Higginson.*

# Advertisements.

A NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.
Proposal for
"THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS."

On the 1st of October next the subscribers propose to commence the publication of a New Monthly Magazine, to be known as "THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS."

Its aim and purpose will be to recognize, faithfully record, and in the spirit of Fraternity, to stimulate the World's Progress.

With an abiding faith in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, the conductors of the New Magazine will seek to exercise, through its columns, a wide and genial friendship for all true, social, industrial, educational, philanthropic, and religious [illegible] ments.

The country abounds in Political Newspapers. We have not a few Scientific, Art, Agricultural and Medical Journals. There are Religious Periodicals for every distinct [illegible]ect, and papers devoted to single departments of human progress—as for example: Anti-Tobacco, Temperance, Health, Dress, Land and Moral Reform, Slavery, Spiritual and Human Rights Organs [illegible] distinctively Literary Papers and Magazines.

Each one of these has its appropriate field of lab[illegible] peculiar use. Not one, perhaps, could be spared [illegible] the world. Yet there is needed something more—a comprehe[illegible] or universal Journal, to which not one or all of these diverse [illegible]tres of interest and spheres of action shall be inappro[illegible] welcome—a Magazine assuming no special advance p[illegible] perior power, but sympathetic and responsive ever to [illegible] earnest human efforts for advancement, whether in [illegible] Science, Art, Mechanics, Literature, Theology, Prac[illegible] thropy or Spiritual Progress and Reform.

The conductors of THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS believe it possible to publish a Magazine upon this broad and catholic basis, which shall not be unwelcome to any true child of the Universal Father.

In this spirit of Brotherhood, they invite the friendly co-operation *of all who love their fellow men.*

While the editors of THE FRIEND OF PROGRESS hope ever to be firm and unyielding in the plain expression of honest convictions, they will seek to remember with sympathy those unblessed by aspiration, and with charity those unawakened to the principle of [illegible]. And they pledge their best efforts to preserve the columns of the new Magazine free from private malice or ambition; from aggressive spite and bitterness, and from narrow partisanship.

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August 1st, 1864.

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